Week ending June 7 1952
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JOHN BULL

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by HAMMOND INNES

How the German guards hunted us with dynamite — by Brigadier George Clifton

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"*What's that?*"

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Foot-and-mouth facts

IN THE MIDST OF the worst epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease for ten years the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Thomas Dugdale, told the House of Commons:

"Please accept my earnest assurance that, in the present state of scientific knowledge, the abandonment or even the relaxation of our slaughter policy would involve our livestock industry in the gravest disaster since the cattle plague of the nineteenth century."

Sir Thomas referred to the ruthless official policy whereby every animal in an infected herd is killed.

Later, as the epidemic died away, he could point triumphantly to another success for slaughtering.

BUT the cost of this epidemic has been tremendous—at a time when British farmers are being urged on all hands to grow more of everything, and especially more meat.

The public, reading daily of bonfires of beef, has been frankly horrified by the slaughter and burning of whole herds of cattle.

Is it really necessary, since other European countries allow their infected cattle to live and breed?

Now is a good time to take stock, pass judgment on the slaughter and decide whether or not we could by any other means do better next time—or even prevent a next time.

The disease is believed to be brought by migrating birds from the Continent. Once here, it is borne on the human foot and in running water, so there is no hope of altogether preventing its spread around our farms.

When an outbreak is confirmed, all movement of livestock in the district is stopped, and the infected herd is destroyed—*both the sick animals and their healthy comrades.*

THERE is *some* evidence against this policy. Such an authority as Lord Dorchester opposes "indiscriminate slaughter of uninfected cattle without at least isolating them over a given period before pronouncing the death sentence."

It is the destruction of all alike which arouses the strongest criticism—especially when it involves magnificent animals like Lord Iveagh's famous pedigree herd in East Anglia.

YET the strongest argument for destruction concerns pedigree cattle, in which Britain does a flourishing export trade.

The cattle we export are now guaranteed free of disease. If that guarantee were abandoned, the valuable pedigree exports would disappear.

At home the effect of letting foot-and-mouth spread would be less serious, but also unfortunate in the long run. The disease kills very few beasts, but after recovery their milk yield is reduced and they are in very poor condition.

AND there is another point in Sir Thomas Dugdale's favour. The slaughter policy should be judged, not in the excitement of an epidemic, but in average years. Last year Britain suffered only 116 outbreaks compared with 20,000 in Holland, 10,000 in France, 50,000 in Belgium, and 155,000 in Western Germany.

Such a relative immunity justifies paying a high price.

In fact, the toll of slaughter this year has been 1-500th of the livestock population.

DANGER has been fended off once more—and once more the credit must go to the slaughter policy.

But is there no better way, no less wasteful way? The answer would seem to be "Yes." There is much evidence from Holland, from Switzerland and from India that science can do far more both to prevent and to cure the disease.

Is Sir Thomas Dugdale's Ministry more willing to rely on the old slaughter method than to give modern research a fair chance? The public needs reassuring on this point.

For if there is one thing we can learn from this expensive epidemic, it is to act instantly on every blessing Britain's admirable scientists can offer to her farmers.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

PART of London's traditional pageantry are the Life Guards, in their brilliant scarlet tunics, gleaming cuirasses and plumed helmets. With the Royal Horse Guards, they act as the Queen's Life Guard and escort, and provide the sovereign's escort attending the Queen at this week's Trooping the Colour ceremony. This artist's impression by Gordon Nicoll depicts them in front of Buckingham Palace as they enter The Mall.

Two microbes once met and one said:
"Have you had any JEYPINE here Fred?"
The other said "Willie,
Don't be so silly
If we had we'd be bloomin' well dead".

JEYES' FLUID
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How right Fred was! With Jeypine you have assurance of complete disinfection and safety in the home. And what a delight is Jeypine's special fragrance, that clean tonic *freshness* that reminds you of pines and pure mountain air! Use Jeypine for every indoor danger spot, every cleaning job. Jeypine is concentrated for economy too!

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WHY BE BURNED UP! TAN WITH COOLTAN!
Men! Girls! Kids! Tan *Fast* —no fiery burn, no blisters, no peeling, no ugly freckles!
Dark or fair, get a quick Smash-Hit Tan with Cooltan. That *Coppery* Tan that's all the rage. Non-Greasy; Non-Streaky: Get Cooltan Today!
COOLTAN FOR MEN, GIRLS & KIDDIES From Chemists & Stores. Tubes at 2/2, 3/9, 4/11.

FREE SPEECH

Stagger the holiday star turns

LOOKING THROUGH A number of holiday guides, I notice that all the big shows are on in August and that May, June, and even July, are far less exciting from the entertainment point of view.

Naturally, people want to go away when there is most to see and do—hence the August overcrowding of resorts. Who can blame them? The fault lies with the resort authorities, who crowd all their big features into so short a time. It may not be possible for them to keep their star attractions going all through the summer, but it would be a great help if they spread their programmes over a longer period.—T. R. ROBINSON, 5 Upper Cranbrook Road, Redland, Bristol.

Open-air Dining-room

WHEN OUR THREE CHILDREN were small, nothing pleased them better than to have a meal out of doors. Gradually the habit grew. My husband made an open summer-house, in which we put a table and six wooden chairs. They have stayed there, summer and winter, for the last thirty years. The kitchen window, only a yard away, made a serving hatch. Being in the open air meant a great saving of labour, and we have had endless pleasure eating in this fashion. Now our children are married and they bring their children to enjoy this open-air life, as they call it.—MRS. ALICE BOWDEN, Newnham Murren, Wallingford, Berks.

Verdict On Britain

RECENTLY I MET A Scandinavian who is spending several months in this country, working with firms who supply his father with goods, so as to learn their methods. He has visited many countries, including Canada and the United States, and his frank opinion is that we British are working at half speed. The factory where he is at present has 350 workers, and every day there are tea breaks of twenty minutes in the morning and ten minutes in the afternoon—a weekly total of 875 hours lost. At firms he visited in other countries (Germany and Holland, for example) a longer day was worked, there was a shorter lunch hour—and no breaks.—MISS J. H. M., Yorks.

Fez Prison Smuggler

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE "How Stammerers Become Smooth Talkers" (JOHN BULL, April 26) described how a member of the Foreign Legion feigned dumbness for eight months to secure his discharge. I can vouch for the accuracy of the account of that man's martyrdom, because he was a friend of mine at Fez, in Morocco. He was starved, put in prison and starved again. I smuggled food and cigarettes to him in prison and in hospital.—FRANK V. Stroud, 219 Earsham Street, Sheffield.

Revolution In Names

ELKAN ALLAN'S ARTICLE about Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth (JOHN BULL, May 10) reminded me of the revolution that has taken place recently over names of singers and dancers. When Irene Eastwood started her career she chose the foreign-sounding name of Ziegler. Nowadays no youngster need worry about being called Smith or Jones or any other good British name. Violetta Prokhorova, the Sadler's Wells dancer, who was born in Russia, actually changed her stage name to her married one of Elvin a few years ago. Incidentally, the distant relatives from whom Anne Ziegler borrowed her name have lived here in Cheshire for 400 years, and the article was wrong in saying that her grandmother was German. All her relatives are pure English.—A. W. B., Cheshire.

Holding The Baby

SILLIEST INVENTION of all time is undoubtedly the perambulator. To carry a few pounds of baby, a large, cumbersome vehicle is used. It has to be barred from most shops, takes up far too much room on the pavement, and is awkward to push and guide. In no other sphere do we use so large a contraption to carry so small a load.—H. DALBY, 13 Hale Crescent, Heath End, Aldershot, Hants.

Leaving Off Warpaint

YOUR CORRESPONDENT who asks ("Free Speech," May 17) why girls who always looked smart before marriage begin to look dowdy afterwards, can be answered in five words: they have hooked their man.—MRS. C. A. ABLEWHITE, Aslackby, Sleaford, Lincs.

. . . Before marriage, a man imagines that the delightful appearance of Miss Smart just grows on her. Afterwards, when he finds out that it costs money, he decides that she is quite all right as she is.—A. A. SOUTH, 37 Albany Road, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

. . . After marriage there is no need for warpaint and feathers—except in a holding capacity. A woman can become more natural.—MRS. P. PAYNE, 17 North Avenue, West Worthing, Sussex.

The "Wrong Name" City

NO OTHER CITY is so consistently called by its wrong name as this one. Its real name is "Kingston-upon-Hull." If, in London, I ask for a rail ticket to this city, giving its correct name, the booking clerk will have to look it up. If I miscall it "Hull" I get a ticket right away. "Hull" suggests docks and slums. "Kingston-upon-Hull" gives a truer impression, as it is a fine city with wide avenues.—EDNA KEOGH, 90 29th Avenue, North Hull Estate, Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorks.

Time To Start Dancing

I AM HOPING TO send my daughter, aged five, to dancing classes. But opinions seem to differ as to the age at which lessons should begin. What do the experts say?—MRS. EDEN, 33 Cumberland Street, Darlington, Durham.

At four a child can practise mime, deportment, rhythm, gestures and registering of emotion. But serious training should begin only at seven, when the ankle and bone structure have strengthened.

Made A Bad Choice

CHOOSING BETWEEN GOING to a university or gaining quicker experience by taking a job on leaving school was an issue which faced me at eighteen. I chose wrong, so perhaps I can offer some advice to your correspondent who raised this problem ("Free Speech," May 10). I decided against a university, but since then I have met many graduates and have been impressed by certain characteristics common to most of them: a sense of independence, ability to adapt themselves quickly and efficiently to varying circumstances, knowledge of a wide range of subjects and, above all, an outlook which does not recognize money as the yardstick of human endeavour.—M. T., Birmingham.

Idea At The Grocers

TO TRY TO AVOID the "rush" period in my small grocery store on Fridays and Saturday mornings I drew up a scheme for offering a rebate on all orders placed on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday and paid for on those days, if the value of the order was ten shillings or more. To my astonishment all my friends are opposed to the idea, saying that it will penalize the families with tight budgets.—W. R. PETCHEY, 140 Westborough Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

BULLETS THAT NEARLY GOT CLIFTON

I THINK that readers of Brigadier George Clifton's excellent story, *The Happy Hunted*, will find some interest in this historic photograph. His utility van had been shot up during a battle at Sidi Rezeg, one bullet ripping a button from his trouser flies. The photograph, taken shortly afterwards, shows him standing in his van, describing the incident to Matthew Halton, the well-known broadcaster, and myself (extreme left). Two bullet holes can be seen in the windscreen of the van, which is equipped in normal desert fashion, with low-pressure balloon tyres, a distiller (the tank seen on the right of the radiator), which ingeniously collected the water when it boiled over and returned it to the radiator, and sand mats strapped on the hood. We always cut a hole in the roof and stood up to navigate, and Clifton is in the normal navigating position, holding an oil compass and with a sun compass on his left.—SEAN FIELDING, Editor, *The Tatler*, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

This week's instalment of "The Happy Hunted" begins on page 11

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ONLY THE PRESTO has this one-piece automatic pressure device. Watch the silver bands appear: 1 band for fruit bottling; 2 bands for vegetable bottling; 3 bands showing for day-to-day cooking.

You'll soon realise that buying a Presto was the best investment you ever made. Cooking time, for instance, is cut by three-quarters, which means cheaper fuel bills. Stew takes only 20 mins., potatoes 9 mins., greens 3 mins. The natural goodness of the meat and the richness of the vegetables are deliciously brought out by the Presto. Moreover, it's the easiest of all pressure cookers to use, you see correct pressure at a glance. Popular model 77/6. Large 105/-. Separator sets 7/6 and 8/6.

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Casual shoe in Calf leathers. Brown, Black, Blue or Red. From
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MR. MEEHAN, of Summer Row, Birmingham, 3, fifteen years in the men's hairdressing profession, recently made this frank admission: "With Pal blades, customers can give themselves as good a shave as I could give them here." It's true. The secret is in the patented hollow-grinding, *plus* the special Pal multi-stropped edge. That's why Pal Hollow-Ground blades give you wonderfully clean, *feather-touch* shaves—and lots of them. Get some today!

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THAT'S RIGHT MR. MONEY-BAGS — I CAN'T AFFORD THIS LUXURY TRAVEL
SO ALL THE FARE-MONEY YOU SAVE GOES ON NEW SHOES- BRIGHT GIRL!
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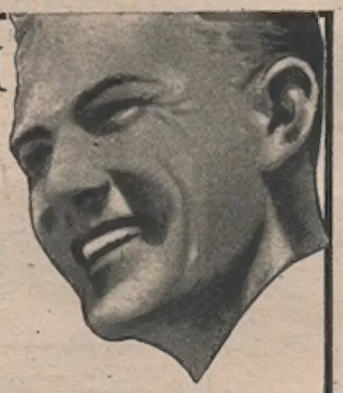

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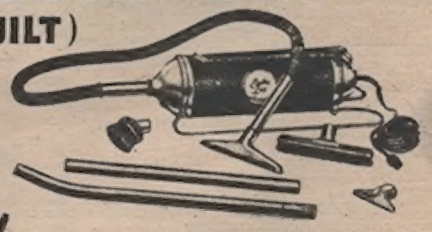

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BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Louise burst out: "I refuse to be betted on like this!" Mike's eyes didn't leave Pratt. "Don't worry," he said, softly. "He can't possibly win"

A QUESTION OF TASTE

by ROALD DAHL

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL MORDEN

Pratt, the wine taster, was wagering a fortune. Mike, his host, was wagering his daughter. At first, we thought it was just a joke

THERE WERE SIX OF US TO dinner that night at Mike Schofield's house: Mike and his wife and daughter, my wife and I, and a man called Richard Pratt. Richard Pratt was a famous gourmet. He was president of a small society known as "The Epicures," and each month he circulated privately to its members a pamphlet on food and wines. He organized dinners where sumptuous dishes and rare wines were served. He refused to smoke for fear of harming his palate; and when discussing a wine, he had a curious, rather droll habit of referring to it as though it were a living being. "A prudent wine," he would say, "rather diffident and evasive, but quite prudent." Or, "a good-humoured wine, benevolent and cheerful, slightly obscene perhaps, but nonetheless good-humoured."

I had been to dinner at Mike's twice before when Richard Pratt was there, and on each occasion Mike and his wife had gone out of their way to produce a special meal for the famous gourmet. And this one, clearly, was to be no exception. The moment we entered the dining-room I could see that the table was laid for a feast: tall candles, yellow roses, a quantity of shining silver, three wine-glasses to each person.

As we sat down, I remembered that on both Richard Pratt's previous visits, Mike had played a little betting game with him over the claret, challenging him to name its breed and its vintage. Pratt had replied that that should not be too difficult, provided it was one of the great years. Mike had then bet him a case of the wine in question that he could not do it. Pratt had accepted and had won both times. And tonight I felt sure that the little game would be played over again; for Mike was quite willing to lose the bet in order to prove that his wine was good enough to be recognized, and Pratt, for his part, seemed to take a grave, restrained pleasure in displaying his knowledge.

The meal began with a plate of whitebait, fried very crisp in butter, and to go with it there was a Moselle. Mike got up and poured the wine himself, and when he sat down again I could see that he was watching Richard Pratt. I was on Mike's left and he had set the bottle

Continued on page 21

Nation of dancers sets up in business

HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM JAVA

Taking over their country from the Dutch, the gentle Indonesians have met trouble that reaches farcical levels. In trying to be all things to all men, they may end by being no one to themselves

SURABAYA

I WAS TRAVELLING DIAGONALLY through the mountainous heart of Java. From Jogjakarta, I had taken a ticket to Surabaya, Java's second city and naval base, which lies on the north-east coast under the lee of the small overcrowded island of Madura. As I stared out of the carriage window on the bent peasant backs, the *changkols* rising and falling all along the line through a countryside that was as neatly cultivated as a row of allotments, I found myself thinking of Holland—and of that peculiar combination of Javanese peasant industry, driving Dutch obduracy and a rich volcanic soil which had enabled this small island to increase its population tenfold in forty years.

In three and a half centuries a nation has time to leave its mark—and the Dutch have certainly done that on this extraordinary empire of 3,000 islands, a long, beautiful necklace, strung on volcano craters, that stretches all the way down from Malaya to the northern shore of Australia.

And now it was all the Indonesians—a people whose very name, twenty years before, it had been forbidden to utter—72,000,000 people of thirty racial groups, a struggling infant nation more numerous than all the rest of South-East Asia put together. Wealthier perhaps, too, for the estate into which the Indonesians had now come was a magnificent one. It contained tin and oil and rubber, much copra and palm oil and manganese, phosphates and sulphur. And for the rest of the catalogue one had only to look out through this railway carriage window and watch the bright green of the rice giving place to the glossy dark green of tobacco, to waving corn, pepper vines creeping up their forests of poles, cinchona and tea.

Sometimes the bunded ricefields were filled with water, becoming *tambaks*, or fish-breeding ponds, like those that stretched for miles, a vast, multiple-plated mirror, on the seaward side of Surabaya. A *tambak* yielded four times the income of a paddi-field, but needed four times the attention, and on the banks one would see the small thatched shelters on stilts, where the *tambak* owners slept, as, during the rainy season, they kept day and night vigil over their channels and sluices. Behind their curtains of palms and plantains the villages were roofed with round red tiles, and often a house would have a neat, whitewashed trellis fence, and, outside, a twenty-foot pole, to the top of which, each morning, the peasant's wife would hoist the family bird in its cage—the bird that would bring good fortune or big crops, a fortunate marriage or happiness, according to its breed.

Funnel For The Riches

Surabaya is Indonesia's commercial capital. The names over most of the shops are Dutch, and the shops and the streets are full of stolid, solid Dutch housewives, pale-lipped and innocent of make-up. Home of the great Dutch trading houses, funnel by which for three centuries the wealth of the Indies has enriched the anaemic bloodstream of Holland, Surabaya is the capital of the sugar-refining industry which before the war went far towards filling Europe's sugarbowls.

But as I later travelled inland by jeep across the sugar country, most of the factories I saw were gutted and smoke-blackened hulks. The material loss of Indonesia's war and revolution has been crippling. Out of 200 prewar sugar factories only sixty now operate; out of 600 tobacco warehouses, 400 were burned down.

After thirty miles or so, we did at last locate a factory that was still intact and even working. But the manager, who had come out as a youthful chemist from Groeningen thirty years before, though, as befitted a Dutchman, phlegmatic, could hardly be said to be cheerful. "They stole forty-seven per cent of my last crop of cane," he complained. "They" were the marauding bands which still roamed this part of East Java.

Theft Is An Institution

The man from the Ministry of Information whispered urgently in my ear: "Forty-seven per cent is too much. Fifteen to twenty per cent is the average now." But he did not deny what was notorious: in Indonesia, brazen public theft had become more or less an institution.

It was in the harbours that this widespread demoralization reached its most farcical and fantastic levels. Stevedore bosses would detach men for special pilfering duties. News of a consignment of sardines or Australian tinned fruit would spread like wildfire, the wharf labourers descending on the holds like locusts. In Macassar it was more or less regular practice for each coolie on a rice-ship to steal thirty pounds, which he split on the gangway with the Customs and the police. And during the week I was in Surabaya, incredible as it may seem, the ship *American Recorder* lost half its £1,000,000 cargo of textiles—but then that was the army, the red-bereted "Irian Brigade," which was being held, theoretically at least, for the recapture of West New Guinea (Irian) to which the Dutch still stubbornly cling.

What was the explanation? Were the police afraid of the Communist-dominated union that controls dock labour? Were the police doing too well out of it themselves? In Surabaya's modernistic ferro-concrete town hall I put the question to the Resident—a Dutch title roughly corresponding to the British District Commissioner—a pleasant young man (they were nearly all pleasant young men) named Gondowordojo. Yes, he said, they realized the damage the harbour situation was doing to Indonesia's reputation abroad. And they were taking steps. But it wasn't easy. There were not enough trained police. Not enough trained anything. "But," he said, "the situation in East Java has greatly improved. Whereas a few months ago you could hardly have ventured outside Surabaya, you can now drive in safety wherever you like along our roads."

Held Up By Bandits

That was true. It was also true that, despite many warnings, I had just completed a perfectly normal rail journey of hundreds of miles through the length and breadth of Java. True also that the following week that same train was held up by an armed band, its passengers marched off and stripped of all they possessed; and that, to the north, Indonesian tanks clattered all day and night through the streets of Bandung, the capital of West Java, where hundreds of miles of good land lay empty and idle under the threat of Dar-ul-Islam, the fanatic "Indonesia-for-the-Muslims" faction.

"Remember," the Resident was saying, "that

During the fighting against the Dutch, the Sultan of Jogjakarta (left) inspects a machine gun post. His feudal rights are gone but his personal power is still great

Prince Tindjokusomo, uncle of the Sultan of Jogjakarta, teaches girls the Javanese court dances—until recently never seen outside the royal family circle

the real cause behind so many of our troubles in Java is not Communism or Dar-ul-Islam or anything else. It is just sheer poverty. If you really want to understand the trouble at the docks, get up at six and go down there and watch the coolies going to work. See how sickly and hungry they look. Study their rags."

What interested me was not so much what the Resident said as his attitude of mind. It was an attitude which would have been eccentric among officials anywhere else, but which I met time after time among these earnest young men who, like the Resident here, were still half fighting their old battle of revolutionary nationalism. That was necessary and useful just so far—but if it went on long enough the hang-over could be fatal. For Indonesia was no exception to the rule that the first duty—and necessity—of a government is to govern.

Yet it was still only a year and a half from the effective take-over from the colonial Power—and as aftermaths of revolution go, that is a very short time. The neat fields of Indonesia were still adrift with the flotsam and jetsam, the human wreckage, of one of history's great convulsions. Consider Dar-ul-Islam's holy war. Its leader, Kartosuwirjo, might certainly be one of those desperate fanatics the Mohammedan religion seems to throw up from time to time. But most of the men in his murdering, burning bands were no more Muslim zealots than the men in the Communist-led bands were Communists. They were just simple, muddled young men who had found the transition from flashing a bayonet in a revolution to grubbing a living from a half-acre plot a little too hard to bear.

The transition would have been easier, certainly, if the Indonesians, coming at last into their birthright, had found themselves economically as well as juridically in possession of their land. It was a bitter pill to find that that could not yet be. In the troubled harbours, for instance, the paymasters were neither the Government nor the Indonesian concerns, but the Dutch "Big Five," great firms like Borsumy, the Borneo Sumatra Trading Company, which owns or runs collieries, plantations, pharmaceutical factories, breweries, textile plants, and deals in all the produce of the islands.

I remember the triangle that Abdulghani, the lively minded Secretary-General of the Ministry of Information, had drawn for me on the back of an envelope in Djakarta. The triangle represented Indonesia's economic structure. Abdulghani had drawn a line across the top third, the peak. Across this he wrote "Dutch." Then he had drawn a line across the wide central section. In this he wrote "Chinese." Only the lowest stratum remained to the Indonesians.

"Forts" In The Trade Battle

Abdulghani said: "Of course, we cannot allow that." And he went on to explain how they were planning to create an Indonesian trading class by bringing into being a system of "*benteng* groups"—"*benteng*" being a fort—to which the Government would grant special import licences. Some of these "forts," he admitted, had collapsed. Other fortholders had sold their licences secretly to the Chinese. But some would survive and grow—and that was a beginning.

There were seventeen of these new Indonesian concerns in Surabaya—and I made a point of going to see one of them. I found a man, a boy and a typewriter in an empty top-floor office. The man told me, a little sadly and wistfully, of the uphill fight it was, of the tremendous advantage of their old-established Dutch competitors like Borsumy, which had offices in every town of importance throughout Indonesia, and buying offices in New York, Hongkong, Tokyo, Singapore and Melbourne. But he said, with a little sigh, they did not altogether despair.

The truth is that, unlike the Indians or Chinese, but like most of the other peoples of South-East Asia, the Indonesians are not as yet a commercial-minded nation. It was altogether fitting that, in the founding legend of the new nation, the "Bunker's Hill" of the Revolution, the most hallowed spot, should have been, not one of the big cities, but the sleepy little town of Jogjakarta which lies, in glorious isolation, in the middle of Java's southern coast.

On my first day in Jogja—everyone calls it by that affectionate abbreviation—I awoke at 5.30 a.m. to find the day already bright, the streets filling with people and a-jingle with small four-wheeled pony carts. Jogja had changed. It was a change of stature. It was, if you like, the halo. For this was the birthplace of the nation. Here it was that the hard-pressed infant republic had held on for four years under the Dutch attack while the citizens went hungry and lightless, wore sackcloth and gloried in their privations.

New lustre had been added to the glories of the past, but the past was not eclipsed: life had its continuity in Jogja. This was Sunday morning, and every Sunday morning in Jogja the Sultan's uncle, Prince Tindjokusomo, taught the ancient Javanese court dances to the high-school boys and girls of the town. In his brown cloven Javanese turban and his dark brown batik sarong, he moved sadly among the dancers, a lanky, desiccated old man with a long, abstracted face and big sad Hindu eyes behind the thick lenses of his spectacles.

The dancers were a quartet of girls. A few minutes before they had been giggling, pig-tailed schoolgirls. But now, as they moved over these

At one of the shrines dotting their fields, Indonesians make offerings to the rice goddess Dewi Sri

marble tiles to the slow, flowing rhythm of the *serimpi*, an ancient Hindu dance never seen until recently outside the royal family circle, they became magically transfigured into mature, serene and beautiful women.

Behind the dancers, filling the rest of the space under the canopy, stretched a strange orchestra, row after row of brass gongs, row after row of xylophones—an essential ingredient of the magic. The players ranged from boys of about five to wizened old men, and played, with uncanny precision, from memory. As the rhythm of the dance broke, and died in tiny waves of movement, the gongs and xylophones were stilled, and the dance lived on in the sound of wood on wood, growing fainter.

The lanky figure of the Prince moved slowly among the dancers, as he spoke a stern word here, corrected the movement of a wrist there, until it seemed to have become almost a part of the dance itself. He had with him two assistants, also members of the royal family and almost replicas of himself, so that—as I remarked to my companion — together they reminded one strongly of those groups of aristocratic Hindus seen in the Moghul miniatures. "Yes," he said, "that's the extraordinary thing about us here in Java. You'll see all sorts of faces about you—a touch of the Arab here, of the Chinese there, or the Malay, or the Hindu, or . . . we're one of history's most wonderful mix-ups."

And now this rich and complex human story was entering on yet another chapter and the Sultanate had become the "Special Area" of Jogjakarta. Elections—the first in Indonesia—had just ended. Masjumi, the Muslim party, had come out on top of the poll, but the surprise was that, in this remote and wholly rural area, the Workers and Peasants Front, dominated by a local Communist, had secured twenty per cent of the votes. What did that mean?

It was the Sultan himself who gave me the answer. When the people came in to the polling booths, he explained, the Communists always had a man waiting for them. "Are you a farmer?" he would inquire solicitously. "Yes," they would say. "Oh, well," he would conclude triumphantly, "you must vote for the *farmers'* and workers' party." They voted.

But the Sultan had little need to fear the Communists, for, had he put himself at the head of a party, he would have swept the polls without effort. Though the Sultan's lands were long ago given up, though his feudal power is gone, his personal power remains great. Without even having to bid for it, he commands in Java greater and more unquestioning popular support than any other Indonesian national leader.

But was there not, in Indonesia, another "bulwark against Communism," the Muslim religion? It was, after all, the Masjumi Party which had won the Jogja elections. It was the Masjumi, with its nation-wide organization, its representatives at village level, that would certainly head the poll at any national election.

The "English" Muslim

To try to find the answer, I went to see Fawzi Hussein Rofe, Jogja's "English Muslim," whom I finally ran to earth in his parlour instructing a couple of Javanese ladies—in his rôle of language teacher—in the oddities of English pronunciation. As befitted Jogja, a scarcely usual sort of place, Rofe was a scarcely usual sort of man. The son of a Belgian Catholic mother and a Syrian Jewish father, he had been born in Manchester and educated at Shrewsbury School. He was small, with bold Arab eyes and a fine Semitic nose.

But Rofe was sorely disappointed in his Javanese Muslims. Half of them, he told me, did not even know the proper daily times of prayer. They would cheerfully eat and smoke all through the day during the fasting month of Ramadan. The fact is that in Java—and in Jogja particularly—the original Hinduism still shows strongly through the later Muslim overlay. These people had experienced too much too long to cleave to any austere, simple faith.

For of all South-East Asians, the educated Indonesian is the most internationally minded, the most determinedly eclectic. In part it is the effect of his complex heritage which makes him so poor a Muslim, this layer-cake of races and cultures, Indian on Malay, Arab on Indian, Buddha on Brahma, Mohammed on both. Many of them even speak four foreign languages—in a fashion. There remains—more than ever for a new nation, a nation-in-the-making—the question of the price, the danger that, in trying so desperately to be all things to all men, Indonesians may end, disastrously, as no one to themselves.

Rocklike Dutch Obduracy

There is plenty to forgive and forget—on both sides. I remember Abdulghani's hand while he talked to me in his office in the Ministry of Information. It had only two fingers. The others were lost in the second Dutch "police action." But the Indonesians, a gentle, tolerant people, are, on the whole, willing to forget and start again. So are some of the Dutch: but not many. They suffer from the defects of their national qualities. Their obduracy is rocklike.

It is not impossible to feel sympathy for them. To them, the Indonesians were always children, children who needed a firm hand. That firm hand they supplied. The Dutch lived in these Indies, they were born here, buried here. The Indies were a second Holland, their home.

It was possible to sympathize—yet, unless these excellent Dutchmen could bring themselves to admit that the Past was past, unless they could at last leave the dead to bury the dead, it would not be only Holland, not only Indonesia, that would suffer, but the whole slowly growing but still over-delicate new partnership of East and West.

NEXT WEEK: I fly into Bali, the paradise island

THE HAPPY HUNTED (4) by Brigadier GEORGE CLIFTON, D.S.O., M.C.

Manhunt—with dynamite!

Trapped by German troops in a grim prison fortress, Brigadier Clifton and his fellow prisoners reacted swiftly. The call went out, "Go to earth!" and a dramatic game of hide-and-seek with their captors began

IN OUR GRIM PRISON FORTRESS at Gavi, near Genoa, we passed through the hot summer months, feeling restless and impatient. By early September, 1943, everything pointed to our quick release, following an armistice with Italy. Never was Robert Burns's saying: "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," more true. Not for the first or last time, the Germans threw a few nasty spanners in the works.

Everything combined to lead prisoners of war up the garden path. Bogus news came in of British landings at Genoa, Naples, and even Venice; of German withdrawal movements; of brave Italian troops fighting their late allies. All an Italian combination of wishful thinking and hot air. Our opinion of the whole mishandled affair is, of course, biased because our situation was affected by orders to stay put and await contact. A damned silly order from someone who had no clues on the internal state of Italy, and a dangerous order, too, which caused much grief.

First authentic news of the armistice reached us about 7.30 p.m., when some of the Italians came in, dancing and singing, wanting to kiss their new allies. As senior British officer at Campo 5, I had various plans ready for this development—the armistice, not the fraternization. One, already discussed with and agreed to by the Italian Commandant, Colonel Moscatelli, sent me hot foot to Genoa, with the object of speeding up the departure of our very mixed and potentially explosive community. That might be called the optimum plan, which suited everyone. Also, "Joe Grapes"—our name

The grille covering our hideout was torn aside. Next moment an angry German appeared at the opening—gun in one hand, grenade in the other

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON HORNER

One of the many hide-outs uncovered during the manhunt at the fortress at Gavi. The prisoners were walled up inside a narrow hollow wall

Major Brian Upton, a genius at devising escape gear out of nothing, who worked on the Gavi tunnel. He helped Clifton on several escapes

for Colonel Moscatelli—gave me his word that we would receive early warning if Germans were taking over the camp. Moscatelli double-crossed us completely. Shortly after 6 a.m. the next day we were awakened by several shots. The horrid truth quickly became apparent; the Germans had surrounded the fortress and Moscatelli had surrendered without resistance.

The German infantry tramped in and carefully mounted sentries. But they made two mistakes. The expert Carabinieri (Italian police), who knew every crevice and all the answers, were treated like the ordinary soldiers, either kicked out—literally—or put on fatigues. Also, the new sentries did not know why certain special posts were manned, thus allowing our tunnelling activities to go on under their noses. Once the first bout of despondency wore off, all escaping schemes jumped into full production.

Tipped Off By An Italian

This time we knew where to go. One of the Caribs going off duty for the last time tapped a wall which we knew was the disused latrine in the upper compound, and said, "Go through there, and you'll find a tunnel." By another lucky break we were able to check this. German sentries unwittingly let us on to the upper ramparts, which had always been very definitely "out of bounds." By craning over the ramparts it was possible to inspect the entrance of the tunnel. Steps led down to a turn where the tunnel disappeared steeply into the rock, which backed up against the old latrine and also against our living quarters in the upper courtyard. The problem, however, was complicated by an iron grille at the foot of the steps and an iron gate, strongly chained, round the first bend.

Obviously the direct way in could not be attempted, but an alternative route had been carefully reconnoitred, and registered for tunnelling, by the expert team of Major Brian Upton, Major Wadeson and Commander John de Jago. With anxious helpers urging them on, they cracked ahead at top speed, penetrating three brick or masonry walls in twenty-four hours to reach the tunnel, as planned, between the grille and the gate. Simple enough work when explained like that, though not so easy when a German sentry tramped his beat across the tunnel entrance. Cutting the substantial chains which held the gate wasted two precious days and drove everyone distracted. Brian's tools for the job comprised four inches of hacksaw blade and an aged file.

Wide Open To The World

The waiting time was by no means wasted. We organized the whole camp into suitable parties, equipped to the limit of our food and other resources, ready to go at one hour's notice. Our spirits soared when our Italian priest got permission to come in again and attend to his particular flock of prisoners. He assured us that the tunnel emerged at the base of the upper ramparts, and was wide open to the outer world. Simultaneously, during the days of waiting, an intensive drive was made to establish good relations with our new guards. The majority were young Nazis, full of party propaganda. For twenty-four hours they were suspicious, stiff, and quite unapproachable. Gradually it dawned on them that we were just ordinary reasonable people, rather out of luck. They thawed, then quickly became friendly. Soothed by the "all boys together" atmosphere, the German sentries strolled about quite happily, enabling preparations to speed up even faster.

There was every need for haste. Evidently the old priest was not abreast of fortress developments, because when Wadeson and de Jago groped down the steep incline of the tunnel beyond the gate, they found the tunnel mouth blocked completely. For weeks Italian workmen, carrying mysterious large-bore pipes, had staggered on to the upper ramparts for some secret purpose. Now we knew why; the pipes connected our latrines with a septic tank built into the tunnel mouth. Prospecting along its flat concrete top, through rubble, our comrades came up against the solid rock of the steeply sloping roof. Yet Wadeson was certain that fresh air came through somewhere, and decided to prise away at the rock. Imagine our excitement when he reported, by late afternoon, that he had reached the roots of bushes. Three more hours' work and the way was clear.

Because the tunnel provided such an excellent, safe exit for all the prisoners, I had issued strict orders shutting down any individual attempts until further notice. Against these orders, a naval rating, who was half-crazy with home worries, upset all our plans by making a sudden dash for liberty while outside on a rubbish-dumping party. The sentry's Luger jammed in the holster, and our sailor reached cover. But the German reaction was terrific. They fired Spandaus off the ramparts, rushed patrols out, and ordered roll-calls for the first time. From then on they became suspicious.

Wearing my brigadier's hat, I interviewed the irate Oberleutnant in charge of us and poured gallons of soothing oil on the troubled waters. At this interview Major "Tag" Pritchard interpreted for me; neither of us discovered, until several hectic days later, that the particular German officer spoke fluent English.

Perfect Escape Setting

Despite all the upset, we learned secretly that we had another forty-eight hours before moving off to Germany. This was most valuable, because the old priest had come in a few minutes before the sailor's escape and told us where to find a second tunnel—one that led all the way downhill to the village. Its entrance, the priest said, was a bricked-up alcove at the far end of the Italian store, under the upper courtyard—hence the sentry at the head of the ramp.

We had a skeleton key for the store and could use it by day, because the German sentry lacked the right orders and did not know why he was posted there. An investigating party confirmed the priest's story, estimating three hours' work required for opening up the tunnel entrance. Here was the perfect setting for a mass escape, because everyone could pack into the store and the long tunnel before the leaders emerged down below on the river bank. Prospects seemed so good that we decided to stay very quiet that night, expecting a snap roll-call or bed-check.

Bad luck again, or a bad appreciation anyway. After we had wasted a quiet, uninterrupted night, at 9 a.m. next morning a German sergeant stamped in yelling "*Raus! Raus!*" The camp was to move off in an hour. Absolute pandemonium broke loose. Within five minutes the fortress buzzed like a disturbed hive as everyone rushed round packing up, collecting food or getting on with various planned "panic-parties." Once more I sparred with the Oberleutnant for more time, eventually gaining an extra hour.

The extra sixty minutes were not wasted. Gavi fortress was honeycombed with dungeons and other potential hide-outs, most of which had been earmarked by various optimistic parties for just this emergency. We had organized this hide-out scheme immediately the Germans took over. The parties "registered" their pitches with the escape committee, and were helped to stow food, rig up camouflage, and so on. "Tag" and I were to join Wadeson's party, in the tunnel.

Party Was Walled In

First party into seclusion, three days before the final scene, was composed of Colonel Ken Fraser, and two fellow New Zealanders. Adequately equipped with food, water, and escape gear, they disappeared into the postern gate "retreat," and were carefully walled in. Their hide-out was well organized domestically and included a portable latrine placed alongside a cleft which allowed fresh air and some light to enter. Their chances improved tremendously

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She came into the little parlour smiling, her clothes more beautiful than they had ever seemed before. Gran did not know which way to look

The painted lady

by BRETON AMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Satan, Gran said, could often be beaten out of small boys with a wooden spoon. For a scarlet woman, of course, the treatment was a thunderbolt

THE DEVIL SOMETIMES dwelt in Jeremy. Gran said so. Satan, she said, often took possession of small boys and had to be beaten out with the wooden spoon kept over the copper for stirring the wash.

On the other hand, according to Gran, angels possessed Ruth, whose smile was beatific, whose golden hair was a halo, whose eyes were celestial blue. At night, angels with folded wings perched on Ruth's bedposts, keeping guard over her. On the rare occasions when Ruth was naughty, tears were shed in heaven, but when Jeremy was naughty there was merriment in hell. When Ruth sulked, she was out of sorts; when Jeremy sulked, a black monkey sat on his shoulder. When Ruth broke the spout off the best teapot, it was an act of God; when Jeremy broke a window, a huge black mark was set against his name in the Golden Book, and, what was even worse, his pocket money was docked for months.

Yet the nine-year-old boy and his sister, a year younger, were great friends. Ruth had awestruck admiration for one whose familiar was the Devil, and she prayed for him aloud, every night. Jeremy enjoyed having an angel for a sister, but secretly thought she missed lots of fun. Sometimes he told her about the Devil, who bore a close resemblance to Mr. Tuttle, the schoolmaster, and Ruth repeated long and boringly pious conversations between St. Agnes and herself. Once, when Ruth was sure she was sprouting wings because her shoulder-blades hurt, Jeremy encouraged her to fly down from the coal-shed roof, but she landed heavily and cut her knee. Gran knew who must have tempted the fallen angel, and reached for the wooden spoon.

Gran was tall and thin, with wispy grey hair, a long, lined face and sad, brown eyes. She loved the children and intended they should walk the path of righteousness, even if this meant lifting Jeremy out of the sloughs of idleness and mischief with the wooden spoon.

To keep them, Gran took in washing. Lines of it billowed over the garden like snowy white clouds, or else shrouded the horses round the fire, filling the kitchen with a sweet, warm smell. It was Ruth's task to hold out the pegs, mix the starch into a paste, damp-down for ironing and check the lists. Jeremy had to turn the big iron mangle and collect and deliver the wash. This was how he met the Painted Lady, as Gran scornfully called her, who lived alone in the house on the hill.

The Painted Lady was Jeremy's private idea of an angel. Her hair was shinier and more golden than Ruth's; her blue eyes were bright, and laughter lived on her lips. Her love of gay colours was such that Gran kept a special line for her wash, starching it out in the early hours, before the neighbours could be affronted. Gran said the Painted Lady's other name was Jezebel, and refused to allow Ruth to go with Jeremy. Her sins, Gran hinted, were scarlet, for her name had been printed in the Sunday papers where only the names of sinners were recorded.

Actually, ten years had passed since the Painted Lady's divorce, but Gran still expected

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Robert Morley, sharpest wit in the West End

by IAN BEVAN

Larger than life, and more theatrical off stage than on, he gets away with murder. Yet sometimes he embarrasses even himself with his knife-edge comments

Morley relaxes in his country home. He is married to one of Gladys Cooper's daughters

DINERS AT ONE OF London's smarter restaurants were startled a few weeks ago when a visiting American celebrity, somewhat bemused by whisky, lurched across the room to a table where the English actor Robert Morley was having supper and, planting his arms around Morley's neck, kissed him firmly on both cheeks.

Waiters quickly led the American discreetly but firmly from the room, while the head waiter bustled up full of apologies to soothe the ruffled dignity of one of his best customers. "That's quite all right," said Morley, in a sugar-sweet voice. "When you're as attractive as I am, you must expect to be kissed by anybody, anywhere, at any time."

The remark was circulated around the West End within the hour, for, in an age short of genuine wits, Morley has achieved an almost legendary reputation as London's sharpest purveyor of the impromptu epigram—a reputation which goes well with his standing as star of four of the most successful stage comedies of the past decade, co-author of *Edward, My Son,* a play which created box office records, and a screen player with a tendency to steal scenes from such headliners as Katharine Hepburn and Trevor Howard. His current play, *The Little Hut,* has been running in London since August 23, 1950, and playing to capacity almost all the time.

The knife-edge remarks with which he decorates his conversation rarely read as well as they sound, for he delivers them with the flourish of a skilled actor. Off stage, he is often more theatrical than he is on, and even his casual talk has the fluency and precise timing of a well-rehearsed script. He does not bother to lower his voice in public, or veil his allusions to well-known persons. His conversation is like himself, and like the theatre—larger than life.

Opinion Of Rival's Acting

Some of his comments are delightfully apt, such as his judgment on a shrewd but commercially minded theatrical manager, who was praised in his hearing as "having his head screwed on."

"Yes," agreed Morley, "but unfortunately for the wrong view." At other times he can be wickedly cutting, as when he was asked what he thought of a rival's performance in a film.

"It's not fair for me to say," answered Morley. "I saw him at a matinée with the place half empty, and I'm sure he wasn't giving his best."

Such comments are scarcely calculated to win friends, but the odd fact is that Morley has few enemies, and is generally acknowledged by his jealousy-ridden profession to have achieved stardom entirely on merit. David Tomlinson, with a bigger name in films, willingly agreed to play second fiddle to him in *The Little Hut* and, although he is well aware that Morley was originally against his being given the part, the two are now firm friends. "There's no one to equal him for charm," Tomlinson admits. "He can get away with murder."

Morley's style of "charming rudeness" is often thought to date from the time he played the rôle of Sheridan Whiteside in the London stage production of *The Man Who Came To Dinner*—the story of a celebrity who made a career of insulting people. This was Morley's first major West End hit, and he played the part 709 times. Some people think he has never stopped playing it, but old friends testify that his manner was much the same long before the play was written.

"He Says What He Thinks"

Peter Bull, an actor who has been his close friend for almost twenty years, remembers that the first words Morley ever spoke to him were a carefully phrased and deliberately spoken insult. At that time, Bull was an actor with a growing reputation, and Morley was an unknown and impecunious writer of short stories and unproduced plays. Without any preliminaries, Morley said: "You've just given the worst performance I've ever seen on any stage." Nowadays, Bull denies that Morley is ever rude. "It's just that he has no pretence. He says what he thinks. What people take for rudeness is really directness."

Many people, however, would welcome a less direct approach. When Morley was guest of honour at a public luncheon in Sydney during his Australian tour three years ago, an unappetizing plate of cold meat and wilting salad was placed in front of him. Morley looked at it with scorn and said: "What's this?" Dismayed, the hostess asked: "Would you like something else?" In a strained silence, the plate was taken away and Morley was served with a boiled egg. The incident became a nation-wide item of gossip, and was credited with being one of the main reasons for his somewhat disappointing showing at the box office.

Morley, himself, was seriously embarrassed by it, for he is essentially one of the kindliest of men and hates to upset anyone. In the West End, he knows he is fencing verbally with people who can give as good as they get. In Australia, he often forgot that, because he was a distinguished visitor from overseas, every word he said was being carefully noted and taken at face value.

In Melbourne, he caused a near riot by telling a reporter: "I don't like this town, and it's not much use pretending I do." Morley claims that the words were never intended for publication, but he does not deny that he meant what he said. Secretly, he was probably rather delighted with the commotion, but, as an actor, he was dismayed to find that his opinions on non-theatrical subjects could keep people away from

Making *Gilbert and Sullivan* at Shepperton. Morley, who plays Gilbert, hopes the film will bring him fame in America. On his left is Maurice Evans, who plays Sullivan

the theatre. First and foremost, his life is the theatre.

He does not contend that acting is a great art, or even that he is a great actor. A young admirer, who was cross-examining him on his acting methods, was told: "I always play every part in exactly the same way."

"But, Mr. Morley," protested the admirer, "do you mean you gave the same performance as Sheridan Whiteside that you did as the Prince Regent in *The First Gentleman*, and as the father in *Edward, My Son*?"

"Yes," said Morley, "exactly the same." He hesitated briefly. "Of course, I wore different wigs."

Such defamation of his talents (which, though it has an element of truth, might annoy him if it came from a critic) is part of his carefully adopted pose as a wit, *bon viveur*, patron of the turf, connoisseur of detective stories and idle lover of luxury.

Morley's contract for his Australian tour included thirty-eight clauses which managements had never seen or heard of before, one of which specified that there should be no matinées on race days. His passion for racing is quite genuine. He owns two racehorses, and his contract for the film of the Gilbert and Sullivan life story, in which he is at present acting with Maurice Evans, includes a clause that he will not be obliged to work on any day that one of his horses is running at Ascot.

In 1935, he took advantage of the royalties from a play called *Short Story* to join an unconventional repertory group that Peter Bull had established at Perranporth in Cornwall, where actors drew no salary but lived at Bull's expense and got a share of the profits, if any. Morley played a strange variety of parts at Perranporth, and was not always happy in them. When he was cast in one which he particularly disliked, Bull found himself pursued for forty-eight hours by telegrams and messages signed "A Well-Wisher," "A Morley Fan," or something similar, and all having the same text: "Why not revive *The Bells* for Robert Morley?"

At the end of the summer season, Morley packed his make-up in a box, gave it to another member of the company, and said: "You may as well have this. I won't need it again. I'm giving up the theatre." Within eight weeks he was starring, at one of London's little suburban theatres, in *Oscar Wilde*, the play which established him at the top of his profession.

The director, Norman Marshall, had been having a lot of trouble casting the name part and one of the cast, Frith Banbury, who had been in the Perranporth company, suggested Morley. Marshall remembered him from the Cambridge Festival Theatre some years previously. At the end of that Cambridge season, Marshall and Morley had drunk a toast to each other. Marshall had said: "To the worst actor I've ever met." Morley had countered: "To the only director who has ever made me give a worse performance than I usually do." They were, in a theatrical sense, sworn enemies, but the need was desperate, and Morley was asked if he would play Wilde.

Although he was unemployed, and without plans, Morley insisted on considering Marshall's proposition over an expensive lunch, where he thumbed through the script while he smoked a fat cigar and sipped vintage port. At last he agreed, for a salary of £3 a week. *Oscar Wilde* was a personal triumph for Morley. It earned him the leading part as Alexandre Dumas in *The Great Romancer*, which was another individual success and brought him a contract from M-G-M to play Louis XVI opposite Norma Shearer in the film *Marie Antoinette*.

Although he professes to be disinterested in film stardom, he is conscious that his name still means little at the box office outside London and New York, and he is banking on the Gilbert and Sullivan film to make it more widely known.

Appealed To Balcon

His ambitions for film success are less a matter of economics than of professional pride, for he dislikes being in a position where film producers can tell him that his name is not sufficiently "box office" for their needs. He had set his heart on playing the part of his personal friend, Sewell Stokes, in the film, *I Believe In You*, that was made about Stokes's experiences as a probation officer. Despite his appeals to Sir Michael Balcon and a dinner party he gave for the producer and director, the part went to someone else.

"Perhaps," Morley said later, "the dinner party had something to do with it. I remember I told them exactly how the film ought to be made, and how I would play the part. The food was good, but I may have talked too much. I sometimes do."

Money is comparatively unimportant to Morley, and the only real pleasure he gets from wealth is the freedom to indulge his passion for gambling for high stakes. Although he behaves in the accepted manner of stars and goes to expensive restaurants where he dines (not without pleasure) on rich foods and vintage wines, his favourite dish is fish cakes with tomato sauce.

After a charity performance at Drury Lane last year, Morley wondered where to take his party for supper. Half in jest, Sewell Stokes suggested a certain cheap cafeteria. Morley eagerly agreed.

Tough Customers In Café

The actor and his party were soon the centre of interest. Stokes, with his long experience as a probation officer at Bow Street, warned him that the crowd included some fairly tough customers. Just then two drunks lurched up to the table and said, almost threateningly: "Aren't you Morley, the actor? Come slumming, eh?"

"Yes, my dear fellows," said Morley, in his most affable manner. "My friend here tells me you're all crooks and cut-throats. Now he can't be right, can he?" Anyone else using this approach would probably have started a free-for-all. Morley's outrageous charm robbed the words of all offence. Before long, everyone in the vicinity was on the friendliest terms.

The inevitable result of Morley's action was that everyone knew at once of his presence. The most candid of men, Morley would be the last to deny it, but it would be wrong to assume that he does such things merely for the sake of attracting attention. When nature evolved the peculiar mixture of bulk and brain which is Robert Morley, she made it impossible for him ever to escape attention. All he can do is endeavour to attract it as charmingly, as wittily, as profitably as possible. THE END

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by. HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

In this hostile little town, the girl was my only ally. But with only a few months to live, I wasn't going to be bullied

MY NAME IS BRUCE WETHERAL. I am thirty-six years old and I have only six months to live. By a strange irony of fate, the day I learned the final medical opinion, a solicitor called at my lodgings with some news. My grandfather, Stuart Campbell, had died, leaving me his estate in the Rocky Mountains, the estate known as Campbell's Kingdom.

The Kingdom was a large, inaccessible tract of land 7,000 feet up in the mountains. My grandfather had been convinced there was oil there and had spent his life trying to prove it—had even been convicted of embezzling money to do so. His last wish was that I should carry on the work.

The solicitor advised me to sell. His Canadian agent—a lawyer called Acheson—had a buyer, an industrial group planning a hydro-electric scheme. If I agreed at once—it would have to be at once—they'd pay 50,000 dollars.

But it wasn't as simple as that. My grandfather's partner, another old-timer called Roger Fergus, had lost 40,000 dollars in the ill-fated oil venture; he would have to be repaid. That left me 10,000 dollars; and I probably wouldn't get it for six months. Six months. . . .

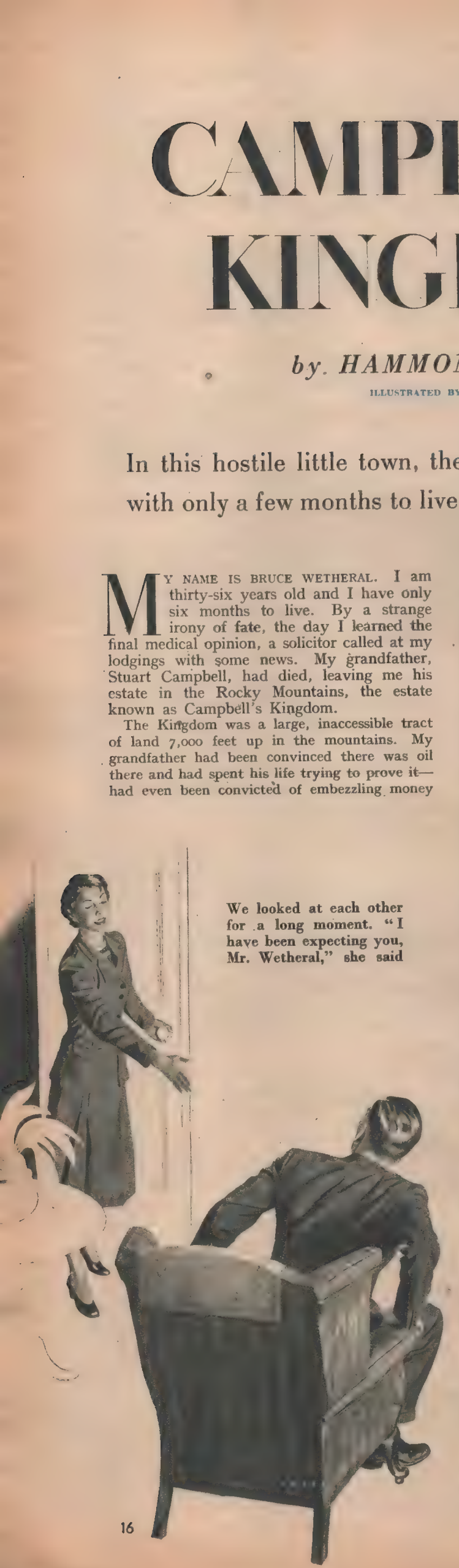
I determined to have a look at the Kingdom first. Something in old Campbell's pitiful appeal to me had struck an answering chord; and, moreover, with only six months to live, I meant to live every one of them fully, excitingly.

I burned my boats. I emigrated. Within a week, I was in Calgary, telling a hard-faced Acheson that I planned to see my Kingdom before making a decision; and meeting, and liking, old Roger Fergus, a dying man who generously told me to forget his 40,000 dollars.

I also met Jeff Hart, a friendly mechanic who drove me to Jasper, on the road to the Kingdom. Jeff introduced me to Johnnie Carstairs, a mountain guide, who had been a friend of my grandfather's.

The country was ice-bound, roads blocked, and they could not understand my feverish impatience to get to the Kingdom, advising me to wait a month or two till the thaw. So in the end I had to tell them why I couldn't wait. They looked at me, shocked.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," I said.



We looked at each other for a long moment. "I have been expecting you, Mr. Wetheral," she said

PART 2

The Ghost Town

NEXT day Jeff Hart and Johnnie Carstairs both came down after lunch to see me off. They didn't ask me how I was and they studiously avoided looking at me. They insisted on carrying my two handgrips and walked one on either side of me as though they were afraid I'd die on them right there.

They saw me into my carriage and left cigarettes and magazines the way visitors leave flowers in a sickroom. As the train pulled out, Johnnie called to me: "Any time you need help, Bruce, there's a couple of pals right here in Jasper you might call on."

"We'll be up to see you some time," Jeff added.

I waved acknowledgment and as I watched the black outline of the station fade in the wind-driven snow, I felt a lump in my throat. The sense of loneliness had closed in on me again and I went back to my seat.

Sudden, uncontrollable a

The train puffed laboriously into a world of virgin white. Our only contact with the outside world was the twin black threads of the line reaching back towards the prairies. The mountains closed in around us, monstrous white shapes scarred here and there by black outcrops of wind-torn rock.

We reached Ashcroft just before midnight. It was raining. The darkness was full of the sound of water and great heaps of dirty snow filled the yard with gurgling rivulets. The next morning I was lucky enough to find a logger bound for Prince George. He gave me a ride as far as 150-Mile House. The country poured water from its every crevice, the creeks were roaring torrents and we ground our way through falls of rock and minor avalanches. It took us most of the day to do the 100-odd miles to 150-Mile House.

I spent the night there and in the morning got a lift as far as Keithley Creek. It was dark when I arrived. The country was deep in snow and it was freezing hard. I resigned myself to a long delay here, but to my surprise, when I

nger came boiling up inside me at the way I was being treated. I strode over to Creasy, the engineer. "Who ordered you to build this road?" I demanded

talked to the proprietor of the hotel after dinner, he told me the road to Come Lucky had been open for a fortnight and there would be no difficulty in getting on in the morning. I crawled into bed feeling dead to the world and for the first time in months slept like a log.

I slept right through to eleven o'clock, and was woken with the news that the packer was in from Come Lucky and would be leaving after lunch. I was taken out and introduced to a great ox of a man who was loading groceries into an ex-army fifteen hundredweight.

We pulled out of Keithley just after two, the rattle of the chains deadened by the soft snow. My companion was wrapped in a huge bearskin coat, with a fur cap, ear flaps and big skin gloves. His face was the colour of mahogany. He had thick, loose lips and he kept licking at a trickle of saliva that ran out of the corners of his mouth. His nose was broad and flat and his little eyes peered into the murk from below a wide forehead that receded quickly to the protection of his Russian-looking cap. His huge hands gripped the steering wheel as though he had to fight the truck every yard of the way. Glancing at him, it occurred to me that this might be the packer that Johnnie Carstairs had talked about. "Is your name Max Trevedian?" I asked him.

He turned his head slowly and looked at me. "*Ja*, that is my name."

So this was the man who could take me up to Campbell's Kingdom before the snows melted. "Do you know Campbell's Kingdom?" I asked.

"Campbell's Kingdom!" His voice had a sudden violence of interest. "Why do you ask about Campbell's Kingdom?"

"I want to go up there."

"Why? It is too soon for visitors. Are you an oil man?"

"No," I said. "What made you ask?"

"Oil men come here last year. There is an old devil lived up in the mountains who thought there was oil there. But he was a swindler. A dirty, lying, bastard old man who swindle everyone." His voice had risen suddenly to a high pitch and his little eyes glared at me hotly. "You ask my brother."

I was beginning to understand what Johnnie Carstairs had meant when he had said the man was an ornery crittur. I didn't answer him and I didn't ask any more questions. It was like travelling with an animal you're not quite sure of, and we drove on in silence.

I got my first sight of Come Lucky as we slid out of the timber to the lake shore. The town was half-buried in snow, a dark huddle of shacks clinging to the bare, snow-covered slopes of a mountain and leaning out towards the lake as though in the act of being swept into it by an avalanche. We stopped at a long, low shack, the log timbers of which had been patched with yellow boards of untreated pine. There was a notice on one of the doors—*Trevedian Transport Company: Office*. This was as far as the track into Come Lucky had been cleared.

I picked up my suitcases and trudged through the snow into the town of Come Lucky. It was a single street bounded on either side by weather-boarded shacks. Dotted among them were log cabins of stripped jack pine. The place seemed deserted. There wasn't a soul about and only in two instances did I see smoke coming from the ugly clutter of tin chimneys. The roofs of many of the shacks had fallen in. Some had their windows ripped out, frames and all. Doors

stood rotting on their hinges. The wooden sidewalk stood up above the level of the snow, a crazy switch-back affair of haphazard design and doubtful safety. It seemed to be constructed on stilts. In fact the whole place was built on stilts, and it leaned down the slope to the lake as though the thrust of the coast wind had pushed it outwards like a flimsy erection of cards.

It was my first sight of a ghost town.

The Golden Calf Hotel was about the biggest building in the place. It was run by a dour-faced, stooping old Scotsman called McClellan. The room he took me to was bare except for the essentials: an iron-framed bed, a wash basin, a chest of drawers and a chair, but it was clean and the bed looked comfortable.

THEY kept farmhouse hours at the hotel and I barely had time to wash and unpack my things before the hotel's servant, an old Chinaman called Slippers, called me for tea. By the time I got down, the McClellan family was assembled in the kitchen, a huge room designed to feed the seething population of Come Lucky in its hey-day.

Besides the old man, there was his son, James, and James's wife, Pauline, and their two children, Jackie, aged nine, and Kitty, aged six and a half. James McClellan was a small, wiry man. Keen blue eyes peered out from under his drooping lids and his nose was as sharply chiselled as the beak of a hawk. I was told that he kept a garage at Keithley Creek. Pauline was half French, raven-haired and buxom, with an attractive accent and a wide mouth. She laughed a little too often, showing big, white teeth.

There was one other person at the big, scrubbed deal table, a thick-set man of about forty, with tough, leathery features and sandy hair which stood up from his scalp and from the backs of his big hands. His name was Ben Creasy and he was introduced to me as the engineer in charge of a road being built up Thunder Creek.

Eating was a serious business here, and there was little conversation. After it, I sat back, my eyes half-closed, succumbing to the warmth.

"And what brings ye up to Come Lucky at this time of the year, Mr. Wetheral?" old McClellan asked me suddenly.

The question jerked me out of my reverie. He was looking across at me, his drooped lids—very like his son's—almost concealing his eyes, his wrinkled face half hidden in the smoke from his short-stemmed briar.

"Do you know a place near here called Campbell's Kingdom?" I asked him.

"Aye."

"I came to have a look at it," I said.

The company eyed me curiously and in silence for a while.

"Why do you want to go up to the Kingdom?" the younger McClellan asked.

I smiled at him.

"I'm Campbell's grandson."

They stared at me in astonishment. "His grandson, did ye say?" The old man was leaning forward, staring at me, and his tone was one of incredulity.

"Yes."

James McClellan darted his head forward. "Why do you want to see the Kingdom?" There was sudden violence in the way he put the question.

"Why?" I stared at him, wondering at the tenseness of his expression. "Because it belongs to me."

"Belongs to you!" He stared at me unbelievingly. "But the place is sold. It was sold to the Larsen Mining and Development Company."

"The Larsen Mining and Development Company?" The name was fresh in my memory. It was the name that had been newly painted on the frosted door of Henry Fergus's office in Calgary. Acheson and his desire to have me sell fell into place then. "I had an offer from the company," I said. "But I turned it down."

"You turned it down!" McClellan kicked his chair out from under him as he jerked to his feet. His face was white. He went out quickly, followed by Creasy.

I turned and stared after them in astonishment. "What was all that about?" I asked the old man. He was still sitting there thumbing tobacco into his pipe.

He didn't say anything for a moment and as he lit his pipe he stared at me over the flame of the match. "You'll no be as daft as the old man, surely?"

"How do you mean?"

"Campbell had oil fever the way some folk have malaria. If he'd struck lucky he might have been a great figure. As it was. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "What would ye be planning to do with the Kingdom now you've come out here?"

"I thought I might live up there," I said. "Like my grandfather."

"Dinna be a fool, laddie," he said seriously. "The Kingdom's no place for ye. And if it's oil you're looking for ye won't find it, as many of us in this town have learnt to our cost. Take my advice; sell out and gang home where you belong."

I leaned back slackly in my chair, feeling suddenly very tired. Soon after, I went up to my room. I lay in bed and stared at the black panes of the window. Out there in the darkness, only a dozen or so miles away, was the place I had come so far to see. I was at the end of my journey.

NEXT morning, I went out to have a look at Come Lucky. It was a grey, windless morning. I walked the length of the street along the rickety sidewalk and saw only one shack with glass in the windows and curtains. The town was the most derelict place I'd ever seen.

There was a heavy American truck, with a bulldozer loaded in the back, drawn up outside the office of the Trevedian Transport Company. The driver came out just as I reached it. "Are you taking that bulldozer up Thunder Creek?" I asked him.

"Yeh. Want to ride along and see how the work's progressing?"

"Yes," I said. "I only got in last night. I haven't had a chance yet to see much of the country." I climbed up into the cab beside him and he swung the big truck down the snow-packed grade to the lake-shore road. There we turned right and rumbled along the ice-bound edge of the lake towards the dark cleft of Thunder Creek. "Where's this road going to lead to when it's finished?" I asked him.

He stared at me in surprise. "Why, up to the cable hoist at the foot of Solomon's Judgment. Pity about the cloud. On a fine day there's quite a view of the mountain from here. You know this part at all?"

"No," I said. "I've never been in the Rockies before."

"Well, I guess you haven't missed much. Winter lasts just about the whole year round up here." He peered through the windscreen. "Seems like the clouds are lifting. Maybe you'll get a glimpse of Solomon's Judgment after all. Quite a sight where the big slide occurred. The mountain falls away sheer nearly two thousand feet. Happened around the same time as the Come Lucky slide." He nodded through his side window. "Doesn't look much from here when it's covered in snow like it is now. But you see those two big rocks up there? That's just about where the entrance to the old Come Lucky mine was. They reckon there's three or four hundred feet of mountainside over that entrance right now. . . ."

The line of the timber loomed ahead. Soon it had closed round us, the trees silent and black, their upper branches sagging under the weight of the snow.

WE topped a shoulder of rock, bare of trees, and I caught a brief glimpse of two snow-covered peaks towering above the dark, timbered slopes and of a sheer wall of rock that fell like a black curtain across the end of the valley. "That's the slide I was telling you about," the driver shouted. "And that's Solomon's Judgment, those twin peaks." He revved the big diesel engine and changed gear. The twin peaks seemed to fill the sky, brooding over the whole valley.

"Do you know where Campbell's Kingdom is?" I asked the driver.

"Sure." He eased the big truck slowly round a bend. "It's up there." He jerked his head in the direction of the peaks.

My heart sank. It looked a hell of a climb. "How far does the road go?" I asked.

"The road? Well, it doesn't go up to the Kingdom." He laughed. "There's two thousand feet of cliff there. Right this minute the road only goes about half a mile farther. But when it's finished, it'll go as far as the hoist." He swung the truck round a bend and there, straight ahead of us, two bulldozers and a gang of men were working on a section of the track that had been completely obliterated. There was a closed three-tonner parked at the end of the road and we drew in behind it and stopped.

I jumped out and went down the road to gaze down into the creek bed, half filled with the wrack of the avalanche. It was a pretty terrifying sight. I followed the black thread of the creek up to the valley to where it tumbled in white foam over a fall at the bottom of the slide.

The rock face beyond the slide was black and quite bare, except for patches of snow and ice and a thin lacing of water that wavered gently to and fro like a silk thread as it fell the whole two thousand feet to run back across the upper slopes of the slide and then disappear under the snow. And above the fault rose the twin peaks I had watched grow bigger all the way up the valley. From their summits, powdery snow streamed lazily upwards like smoke. Separating the two peaks was a narrow cleft, a dark gash in the mountain face, and across the upper end of it was wedged a shelf of rock like a wall. Something about the wall caught and held my gaze. Though it was breached in the centre, it was too

Continued on page 27

Anna Neagle's Herbert takes on a new star

Herbert Wilcox and his two stars on the set during the first day's shooting of "Trent's Last Case"

HERBERT WILCOX has always pinned his faith to a star. He spent twenty years grooming Anna Neagle, his wife, into Britain's top box office success. Then, recently, the screen's money-spinning couple became a threesome. The new partner was Margaret Lockwood, No. 2 in the box office list.

Dennis Holman's candid article on this cinematic triangle will appear in JOHN BULL next week.

My notes on the next world

by REGINALD M. LESTER

From written records of his investigation into spiritualism, Lester answers many questions asked by readers of his series

AFTER I had told in JOHN BULL the story of my search for proof of survival after death, I found that the majority of my readers wanted to know far more about conditions on the "Other Side." There is such great—and very natural—curiosity on this point that I have been going over my notes of the numerous sittings I have attended, and have collected some of the information given me by those who have "passed over." In all these reports, there is a striking consistency of detail and corroboration of evidence.

The point that my wife Marjorie stressed so emphatically, when I became convinced that I was in communication with her, was the fact that she was living a very real life in a real and solid place. There was no floating about on some fleecy clouds in a kind of disembodied state. When she passed over, she told me, the physical body became the unreal and "shadowy," and the etheric the real and "solid."

Here are some of the questions I put to my wife at certain of my sittings:

SELF: Are you allowed to tell me anything about your life over there?

MARJORIE: Of course, why not? Everything is just as natural here. Really conditions are not very different from the earth, only far more beautiful—especially as regards colours.

SELF: Have you, for instance, normal country scenery?

MARJORIE: Oh yes. We've got hills and valleys, rivers and seas, grass, trees, and the most lovely flowers. I just cannot describe to you their wonderful perfumes. You'd never believe the range of glorious colours and, of course, the flowers never wither or die. They are placed near sick persons for healing, too.

"Buildings Soar To The Sky"

SELF: What about buildings?

MARJORIE: The buildings here are magnificent. Reminiscent of ancient Greece in places. The architecture is superb. In some places, where architects have given rein to their imagination, the buildings seem to soar to the sky.

SELF: I take it that only applies to what we would here call public buildings, and that your homes are of normal height?

MARJORIE: Yes. There are beautiful temples of worship, churches, schools, and halls of learning.

SELF: It's still so difficult here for us to realize that you are living in a solid world like that.

MARJORIE: Yes, but it's truly more solid than your earth one. You've not yet got quite rid of that quaint idea that I'm sort of floating about in space. As a matter of fact, I'm much more solid than you are. It's you who look so shadowy and ghostlike to us. That's why we can just come back and walk through all your transparent walls. Nothing on the earth is really solid at all.

SELF: Can you tell me anything about where you are living?

MARJORIE: I've got our home all waiting for you to come to when you join me over here, and I mean that literally. Our home here is an exact replica of our dear old home on earth. The same rooms, every bit of furniture just the same, even the photos and pictures on the walls, and the ornaments on the mantels—all exact replicas of everything we had together. But although all looks just the same, it is much more lovely and improved in every way. My piano, for instance. It's a beautiful model—all white and silver.

SELF: It seems incredible!

MARJORIE: Not when you understand how real the etheric world is. If we hadn't our familiar homes here, we would feel as though we were arriving in some foreign country. That's why they say, when we have come over, that we have "come home," you see.

SELF: How do you occupy yourself?

MARJORIE: I'm very busy, in many directions, especially with my musical work. That is still of prime importance. I also teach the piano over here. You see, there are a great many people who had always longed to make further progress with their music while on earth, and as soon as they pass over they are eager to continue where they left off. They become my new pupils. And we attend many concerts. Chopin—he still plays.

SELF: But do you never rest?

MARJORIE: We can always rest when we wish. You must realize that a great part of our lives here is spent in study and recreation. You see, we are never physically tired. Sometimes I rest, but I do not sleep. I rest at concerts. Sometimes I go and sit with a book by a stream, or wander into the lovely Gardens of Rest.

Is Life Monotonous?

In later talks, I went into this matter of life and conditions in the spirit world still more fully with some of the higher teachers, with whom I satisfied myself that I was conversing. I felt some doubt about the possibility of monotony, and raised these queries:

SELF: Surely you must miss the variation of night and day. Is not one uniform light all the time likely to become monotonous?

A. No, because there is such a *change* of light, and the light is dominated by the colour of the buildings. As the music vibrations change, so do the colour vibrations. There is so much feeling of vitality that your mind is always alert. When you are tired—not physically tired, of course—you just rest. It is so amazing to those who first come over to find they never feel physically tired.

Lester writes: "Reports which, I believe, come from the Other Side taught me one main lesson"

Music Of The Flowers

SELF: But even then, I should have thought the absence of change between day and night—no dawns and no sunsets—must cause a certain monotony?

A. We never get any sense here of uniformity, and therefore there can be no monotony. We can always revisit the earth plane—or any of the planets in the universe—and see dawns and sunsets, whenever we like. We can explore space as we wish. But you must realize there is a much greater *range* of colour and sound here than anything you can imagine, and our senses are much more acutely sensitive than yours. We have also all the music of the flowers.

SELF: What do you mean by that exactly?

A. All the flowers here give off music that corresponds with the colours of the flowers themselves. Most perfect harmonies of both sound and colour. All the flowers are living and breathing, and give out streams of energizing power as one approaches them.

SELF: Can you tell me a little more about this matter of light that takes the place of sunshine?

A. It is a diffused radiance of light that penetrates every place, that proceeds directly from the Divine source itself. It illumines the whole of the spirit world, except the dark realms that are inhabited by those whose earth lives have been devoid of spirituality of soul.

SELF: How about temperature? Is that also uniform?

A. Yes, everywhere is pervaded by an even

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and comfortable warmth, tempered by gentle, perfumed breezes.

SELF: Supposing some who pass over have been very keen on winter sports during their earth life, what will their reactions be?

A. They will be able to create whatever they wish, for you must remember all is created here by power of thought alone. They can create conditions of snow and ice for the enjoyment of such sports, which is often the case, but after a while they soon tire of these earthly pleasures as they grow more attuned to the beauties of life in the spirit world.

SELF: Without delving too deeply into the scientific angle, can you explain simply where exactly this world of spirit is in space?

A. The ether of space is the connecting link between the two worlds. The etheric world surrounds and interpenetrates your physical world, and responds to a higher range of vibrations, and that is why you are only able to see and converse with us on such occasions as when the two rates of vibrations can be brought on to the same wavelength. Much on your world is created by the power of mind; it is not so difficult, then, to understand that this force brought to a higher degree can produce flowers, trees, rivers, buildings and other things in the etheric world.

Houses Among Gardens

I referred last week, in the first part of this summing-up, to the remarkable first-hand account of the spirit world dictated clairaudiently by the "late" Monseigneur Robert Hugh Benson to the author, Anthony Borgia, with whom I have recently had some most interesting talks on his experiences. Some of the country that Benson has described is most vivid in its reality.

He relates how, standing beneath the branches of a magnificent oak, he overlooked "a great tract of countryside, whose rich verdure undulated before me, and stretched far away into the distance. . . . I could perceive many houses of varying descriptions picturesquely situated, like my own, among trees and gardens."

Benson was struck by the fact that there were no signs of walls or hedges or fences, or anything to mark off where a garden began or ended. He found that such things as boundaries were not needed, as each person knew instinctively just where his own garden ended. But he also realized that here, in the spirit world, ownership and partnership were one and the same.

My wife had already told me on more than one occasion that her home was a replica of our earthly one, although more perfect. Benson expressed equal surprise at seeing for the first time his old home again—but with a difference. He says: "It was improved in a way that I had not been able to do to its earthly counterpart. . . . These changes were of a nature and exactly of the description of those that I had never been able to have done."

How do they spend their time over there? is a question I am continually being asked. I have satisfied *myself* on the following points. One must dismiss any idea that most of those who have passed over are literally at rest. On the contrary, they are all more fully active than they have ever been.

Studies of all sorts are carried on in the many halls of learning. There are schools for children who have passed over in their early earth years, and for these are required teachers in all kinds of subjects. Others work in reception wards for children, to care and look after them on arrival in the spirit world. In the homes of rest are "patients" who have had prolonged illnesses before passing over, and require sleep and rest to replace the debilitating effect such illness may have had upon the mind, and in turn on the spirit body. Here work nurses and spirit doctors.

Doctors are also engaged in working through spiritual healers still on earth, directing them how to treat patients enduring physical ills. In the same way, writers and musicians on the Other Side find much work impressing and inspiring their counterpart colleagues on the earth plane. Scientists and chemists work through various avenues to improve communication with those on our side, especially in respect of the direct voice.

The question of the boundary between the earth and spirit worlds, which has puzzled many others besides myself, has been made clear to me as a result of further inquiries. Benson confirmed the answer I had already been given that the two worlds interpenetrate, by the very fact that, at the instant of his passing he found himself in the spirit world, fully conscious.

Help For "Dark Spheres"

There is also, however, the further question of boundaries between the different realms of the spirit world, which definitely exist. Until we are spiritually advanced, we are unable to cross the border into the next higher realms, but we are free to visit the lower realms to try to bring help to those in the "dark spheres"—nearest equivalent to the idea of "hell."

From studying the many and detailed reports which I believe have come to us from the Other Side, the main lesson is that we create our own conditions in the life hereafter from the life we lead on earth. All who pass to the "Summerland" of spirit, to the music of the flowers and rivers, have earned for themselves these abodes by their way of life on earth. Here are the happy homes of happy people, who have sown the seeds of their "harvest" on the earth plane.

In this we see the literal interpretation of the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." THE END

TAKE MY TIP

SMALL rugs on polished floors can be dangerous. After an accident at home, I worked out a simple way of preventing more.

I merely brushed a little rubber cement here and there on the underside of the carpet, and allowed it to dry overnight. The result was a non-skid rug.

If you want to remove the cement, merely rub it off.—Arthur Hayes, London, S.W.6.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

A QUESTION OF TASTE

Continued from page 7

down in front of me so that I could read the label. It said, "Geierslay Ohligsberg, 1945."

He leaned over and whispered to me that Geierslay was a tiny village in the Moselle almost unknown outside Germany. I could almost *feel* him waiting for the moment when Pratt would take his first sip, and look up from his glass with a smile of pleasure, of astonishment, perhaps even of wonder, and then there would be a discussion and Mike would tell him about the village of Geierslay.

But Richard Pratt did not taste his wine. He was completely engrossed in conversation with Mike's eighteen-year-old daughter, Louise.

We had finished our fish and the maid was coming round removing the plates. When she came to Pratt, she saw that he had not yet touched his food, so she hesitated, and Pratt noticed her. He waved her away, broke off his conversation and quickly began to eat, popping the little crisp brown fish quickly into his mouth one after the other with rapid jabbing movements of his fork. Then, when he had finished, he reached for his glass and in two short swallows had tipped the wine down his throat and turned immediately to resume his conversation with Louise Schofield.

"One of your delicious chickens was in my garden this morning"

MIKE saw it all. I was conscious of him sitting there, very still, containing himself, looking at his guest. His round, jovial face seemed to loosen slightly and to sag, but he contained himself and was still and said nothing; and soon the maid came forward with the second course—roast beef.

"Now," said Mike, speaking to all of us but looking at Richard Pratt. "Now for the claret. I must go and fetch the claret, if you'll excuse me. It's in my study, with the cork out—breathing."

"Why the study?" I said.

"Acquiring room-temperature, of course. It's the best place in the house. Richard Pratt himself helped me to choose it last time he was here."

At the sound of his name Pratt looked round.

"That's right, isn't it?" Mike said.

"Yes," Pratt answered, nodding gravely. "That's right."

"On top of the green filing-cabinet in my study," Mike said. "That's the place we chose. A good draught-free spot in a room with an even temperature. Excuse me now, will you, while I fetch it."

The thought of another wine to play with had restored his humour, and he hurried out of the door, to return a minute later, walking softly, holding in both hands a wine-basket in which a dark bottle lay. The label was out of sight, facing downwards.

"Now!" he cried as he came towards the table. "What about this one, Richard? You'll never name this one!"

Richard Pratt turned slowly and looked up at Mike, then his eyes travelled down to the bottle nestling in its small wicker basket, and he raised his eyebrows, a slight, supercilious arching movement of the brows; and with it a pushing outwards of the wet lower lip, suddenly imperious and ugly.

"This one is really rather difficult," Mike said, "I won't force you to bet on this one."

"Indeed." Pratt looked exceedingly bored by the whole proceeding. Except that, to me, there was something strange about his boredom: between the eyes a shadow of something evil, and in his bearing an intentness that gave me a faint sense of uneasiness as I watched him. "That's not very complimentary to me, you know."

"My dear man," Mike said. "I'll bet you with pleasure, if that's what you wish."

"I'm perfectly willing to bet," Richard Pratt said.

"Then we'll have the usual, shall we? A case of the wine itself."

"Perhaps you'd like to increase the bet?"

"No, Richard. A case is plenty."

"Would you like to bet fifty cases?"

"That would be silly."

Mike stood very still behind his chair at the head of the table, and he was still carefully holding the bottle in its wicker basket. There was a trace of whiteness around his nostrils now, and his mouth was shut very tight.

Pratt was lolling back in his chair, looking up at him, the eyebrows raised, the eyes half-closed, a little smile touching the corners of his lips. "So you don't want to increase the bet?"

"As far as I'm concerned, old man, I don't give a damn," Mike said. "I'll bet you anything you like."

The women and I sat quietly, watching the two men. Mike's wife was becoming annoyed; her mouth had gone sour and I felt that at any moment she was going to interrupt. Our roast beef lay before us on our plates, slowly steaming.

"So you'll bet me anything I like?"

"That's what I told you. I'll bet you anything you damn well please if you want to make an issue out of it."

"Mike!" Mrs. Schofield said. "Mike, why don't we stop this nonsense and eat our food? It's getting cold."

"But it isn't nonsense," Pratt told her politely. "We're making a little bet."

I noticed the maid standing in the background holding a dish of vegetables, wondering whether to come forward with them or not.

"All right, then," Pratt said. "I'll tell you what I want you to bet."

"Come on, then," Mike said, rather reckless. "I don't give a damn what it is—you're on."

Pratt nodded, and again the little smile moved the corners of his lips, and then, quite slowly, looking at Mike all the time, he said: "I want you to bet me the hand of your daughter in marriage."

LOUISE SCHOFIELD gave a jump. "Hey!" she cried. "No! That's not funny! Look here, Daddy. That's not funny at all."

"No, dear," her mother said. "They're only joking."

"I'm not joking," Richard Pratt said.

"It's ridiculous," Mike said. He was off balance again now.

"You said you'd bet anything I liked."

"I meant money."

"Then it's a pity you didn't say it. But anyway, if you wish to go back on your offer, that's quite all right with me."

"It's not a question of going back on my offer, old man. It's a no-bet anyway, because you can't match the stake. You yourself don't happen to have a daughter to put up against mine in case you lose. And if you had, I wouldn't want to marry her."

"I'm glad of that, dear," his wife said.

"I'll put up anything you like," Pratt announced. "My house, if you like. How about my house?"

"Which one?" Mike asked, joking now.

"The country one."

"Why not the other one as well?"

"All right, then, if you wish it. Both my houses."

At that point, I saw Mike pause. He took a step forward and placed the bottle in its basket gently down on the table. His daughter, too, had seen him pause.

"Now, Daddy!" she cried. "Don't be *absurd*! It's too silly for words. I refuse to be betted on like this!"

"Quite right, dear," her mother said. "Stop it at once, Mike, and sit down and eat your food."

Mike ignored her. He looked across at his daughter and he smiled—a slow, fatherly, protective smile. But in his eyes, suddenly, there glimmered a little triumph.

"You know," he said, smiling as he spoke, "you know, Louise, we ought to think about this a bit."

"Now, stop it, Daddy! I refuse even to listen to you! Why, I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!"

"No, seriously, my dear. Just wait a moment and hear what I have to say."

"But I don't want to hear it."

"Louise! Please!"

"All right then, go on."

"The point is this," said Mike. "*He cannot possibly win.*"

"He seems to think he can."

"Now, listen to me, because I know what I'm talking about. The expert, when tasting a claret—so long as it is not one of the famous, great wines like Lafitte or Latour—can only get a certain way towards naming the vineyard. He can, of course, tell you the district in Bordeaux from which the wine comes, whether it is from St. Emilion, Graves or Medoc. But, then, each district has several communes, little counties, and each county has many, many small vineyards. It is impossible for a man to differentiate between them all by taste and smell alone. I don't mind telling you that this one I've got here is a wine from a small vineyard that is surrounded by many other small vineyards, and he'll never get it. It's impossible."

"Mike!" his wife said sharply. "Stop it now, Mike, please!"

Again he ignored her. "If you will take this bet," he said to his daughter, "in ten minutes you will be the owner of two large houses."

"But I don't want two large houses, Daddy."

"Then sell them. Sell them back to him on the spot. I'll arrange all that for you. And then just think of it, my dear, you'll be rich! You'll be independent for the rest of your life! Come on, now. What do you say, Louise? All right?"

For the last time, she hesitated. Then she gave a helpless little shrug of the shoulders and said: "Oh, all right, then. Just so long as you swear there's no danger of losing."

"Good!" Mike cried. "That's fine! Then it's a bet!"

"Yes," Richard Pratt said, looking at the girl. "It's a bet."

Immediately, Mike picked up the wine, tipped the first thimbleful into his own glass, then skipped excitedly around the table filling up all the others. And now everyone was watching Richard Pratt, watching his face as he reached slowly for his glass with his right hand and lifted it to his nose.

He was about fifty years old and he did not have a pleasant face. Somehow it was all mouth, mouth and lips, the full, wet lips of the professional gourmet, the lower lip hanging downwards in the centre, pendulous; permanently open taster's lips, shaped to receive the rim of a glass, or the morsel of food. Like a keyhole, I thought, watching it; his mouth is like a large, wet keyhole.

Slowly he lifted the glass to his nose. The point of the nose entered the glass and moved over the surface of the wine, delicately sniffing. He swilled the wine gently around in the glass to release the bouquet. His concentration was intense. He had closed his eyes, and now the whole top half of his body, the head and neck and chest, seemed to become a kind of huge, sensitive smelling-machine, receiving, filtering, analysing the message from the sniffing nose.

Mike, I noticed, was lounging in his chair, apparently unconcerned, but he was watching every move. Mrs. Schofield, the wife, sat prim and upright at the other end of the table, looking straight ahead, her face sour with disapproval. The daughter, Louise, had shifted her chair away a little, and sideways, facing the gourmet, and she, like her father, was watching closely.

FOR at least a minute the smelling process continued; then, without opening his eyes or moving his head, Pratt lowered the glass to his mouth and tipped in almost half the contents.

He paused, his mouth full, getting the first taste; then he permitted some of it to trickle down his throat, and I saw his Adam's apple move as it passed by. But most of it he retained in the mouth. And now, without swallowing again, he drew in through his lips a thin breath of air which mingled with the fumes of the wine in the mouth and passed on down into his lungs. He held the breath, blew it out through his nose, and finally began to roll the wine around under the tongue, chewing it, actually chewing it with his teeth as though it were bread.

It was a solemn, impressive performance, and I must say he did it well.

"Um," he said, putting down the glass, running a pink tongue over his lips. "Um—yes. A very interesting little wine: gentle and gracious, almost feminine in the after-taste."

There was an excess of saliva in his mouth, and as he spoke he spat an occasional bright speck of spit on to the table. One landed an inch from the edge of my plate.

"Now we can start to eliminate," he said. "You will pardon me for doing this carefully, but there is much at stake. I must move cautiously this time, must I not?" He looked up at Mike and he smiled—a thick-lipped, wet-lipped smile. But Mike did not smile back.

"First, then, which district in Bordeaux does this wine come from? That is not difficult to guess. It is far too light in the body to be from either St. Emilion or Graves. It is obviously a Medoc. There's no doubt about *that*.

"Now—from which commune in Medoc does it come? That also, by elimination, should not be too difficult to decide. Margaux? No. It cannot be Margaux. It has not the violent bouquet of a Margaux. Pauillac? It cannot be Pauillac, either. The wine of Pauillac has a character that is almost imperious in its taste. No, no. This—this is a very gentle wine, demure and bashful in tne first taste, emerging shyly but quite graciously in the second. A little arch, perhaps, in the second taste, and a little naughty, also, teasing the tongue with a trace, just a trace, of

tannin. Then, in the after-taste—delightful: consoling and feminine, with a certain blithely generous quality that one associates only with the wines of the commune of St. Julien. Unmistakably this is a St. Julien."

He leaned back in his chair, held his hands up level with his chest and placed the fingertips carefully together. He was becoming ridiculously pompous, but I think that some of it was deliberate, simply to mock his host. I found myself waiting rather tensely for him to go on.

"So," he said, "this wine is from Bordeaux, from the commune of St. Julien in the district of Medoc. So far, so good. But now we come to the more difficult part: the name of the vineyard itself."

He paused again, closing his eyes. "I am trying to establish the 'growth,'" he said. "If I can do that, it will be half the battle. Now, let me see. This wine is obviously not from a first growth vineyard—nor even a second. It is not a great wine. The quality, the . . . the . . . what do you call it? . . . the radiance, the power, is lacking. But a third growth—that it could be. And yet I doubt it. We know it is a good year—our host has said so—and this is probably flattering it a little bit. I must be careful. I must be very careful here."

He picked up his glass and took one more small sip.

"Yes," he said, sucking his lips, "I was right. It is a fourth growth. Now I am sure of it. A fourth growth from a very good year, from a great year, in fact. And that's what made it taste for a moment like a third, or even a second growth wine. Good! That's better! Now we are closing in! What are the fourth growth vineyards in the commune of St. Julien?"

AGAIN he paused, took up his glass and held the rim against that sagging, pendulous lower lip of his. Then I saw the tongue shoot out, pink and narrow, the tip of it dipping into the wine, withdrawing swiftly again: a repulsive sight. And when he lowered the glass, his eyes remained closed, the face concentrated, only the lips moving, sliding over each other like two pieces of wet, spongy rubber.

"There it is again!" he cried. "Tannin in the middle-taste, and the quick astringent squeeze upon the tongue. Yes, yes, of course. Now I have it. This wine comes from one of those small vineyards around Beychevelle. Somewhere very close. Château Talbot? Could it be Talbot? Yes, it could. Wait one moment."

He sipped the wine again, and out of the side of my eye I noticed Mike and how he was leaning farther and farther forward over the table, his mouth slightly open, the small eyes fixed upon Richard Pratt.

"No. I was wrong. If it is a thirty-four, which I believe it is, then it couldn't be a Talbot. Well, well . . . let me think. . . . It is not a Beychevelle and it is not a Talbot . . . and yet . . . it is so close to both of them . . . so close that the vineyard must be almost in between. Now, what could that be?"

He hesitated, and we waited, watching his face. Everyone, even Mike's wife, was watching him now.

I heard the maid put down the dish of vegetables on the sideboard behind me, gently, so as not to disturb the silence.

"Ah!" he cried. "I have it! Yes, I think I have it!"

For the last time, he sipped the wine. Then, still holding the glass up near his mouth, he turned to Mike and he smiled, a slow, silky smile, and he said: "You know what this is? This is the little Château Branaire Ducru."

Mike sat tight, not moving.

"And the year, nineteen thirty-four."

WE all looked at Mike, waiting for him to turn the bottle round in its basket and show the label.

"Come on, Daddy," the girl said. "Turn it round and let's have a peek. I want my two houses."

"Just a minute," Mike said. "Wait just a minute." He was sitting very quiet, bewildered-looking, and his face was becoming puffy and pale, as though all the force was draining slowly out of him.

"Michael!" his wife called sharply from the other end of the table. "What's the matter?"

"Keep out of this, Margaret, will you, please?"

Richard Pratt was looking at Mike, smiling with his mouth, the eyes small and bright. Mike was not looking at anyone.

"Daddy!" the daughter cried, agonized. "But, Daddy, you don't mean to say he's guessed it right?"

"Now, look," Mike said, turning to Richard Pratt. "I'll tell you what, Richard. I think you and I better slip off into the next room and have a little chat."

"But your dinner!" the wife protested. "For heaven's sake, let's eat our dinner!"

"I don't want a little chat," Pratt said. "All I want is to see the label on that bottle." He knew he was the winnner; he had the bearing, the quiet arrogance of a winner. "What are you waiting for?" he said to Mike. "Go on and turn it round."

And then this happened: the maid, the tiny, erect figure of the maid, in her white and black uniform, was standing beside Richard Pratt, holding something out in her hand.

"I believe these are yours, sir," she said.

PRATT glanced round, saw the pair of thin horn-rimmed spectacles that she held out to him, and for a moment he hesitated.

"Are they? Perhaps they are. I don't know."

"Yes, sir. They're yours." The maid was a middle-aged woman, a faithful family retainer of many years' standing. She put the spectacles down on the table beside him. Without thanking her, Pratt took them up and slipped them into his top pocket, beside the white handkerchief.

But the maid didn't go away. She remained standing beside—and slightly behind—Richard Pratt; and there was something so unusual in her manner, and in the way she stood there, small, motionless and erect, that I, for one, found myself watching her with a sudden apprehension. Her face had a frosty, determined look.

"You left them in Mr. Schofield's study," she said. Her voice was unnaturally, deliberately polite. "On top of the green filing-cabinet in his study, sir, when you happened to go in there by yourself before dinner."

It took a few moments for the full meaning of her words to penetrate, but in the silence that followed, I became aware of Mike and how he was slowly drawing himself up in his chair, and the colour coming to his face, and the eyes opening wide, and the curl of the mouth, and the dangerous little patch of whiteness beginning to spread around the area of the nostrils.

"Now, Michael," his wife said. "Keep calm, now, Michael, dear. Keep calm."

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I HAD JUST LEFT HOME when this picture was taken, having been moved by the chain-store firm of chemists, to whom I was apprenticed, to Malton, forty miles from Knaresborough, Yorkshire, where I was born.

We were very poor. My father, who died when I was two, left mother ten shillings a week. There were no widows' pensions in those days and she had to work hard for her four children. She did washing in our cellar for a number of families; she scrubbed gravestones in the churchyard, and cleaned one of the nearby schools.

She took me with her when I was a toddler, to keep me out of mischief. But one day I opened a cupboard door and, with a dreadful rattle of bones, a skeleton fell out! I felt Nemesis had overtaken me, but mother's worry was more complicated. Would she have to pay for this broken monster? Ought she to have let her small boy loose among the classrooms? I never discovered the consequences.

One night, another boy and I crept into the church to climb the spiral stairway which led to the belfry. We went up and explored a little, but when we tried to get out we found ourselves locked in.

We were too scared to spend the night there, so we joined forces and tolled one of the bells. This was dangerous, as an amateur can easily be carried, helplessly clutching the rope, right up to the loft.

In those days the monotonous tolling of a single bell, on a weekday, indicated a death in the parish. Thirty meant a man had died, twenty a woman and ten a child. We counted as we pulled, and after fourteen times stopped to stretch our aching arms. I can imagine the amazement hearers must have felt as this meaningless message sounded.

Very soon afterwards someone came to rescue us.

At twelve and a half I became a full-time errand boy at a Harrogate boot shop at five shillings a week.

When some of the customers conveniently forgot to give me my Christmas box, I devised a novel though rather audacious plan. I arranged for a jobbing printer to produce some cards with these words:

With the Compliments of H. W. Auton and Sons' Errand-Boy.

Through rain, hail, sleet and snow
Merrily on my way I go,
I bring to you your boots and shoes
And a Christmas box I won't refuse.

Today he is a public figure, a Peer, and Chairman of Charing Cross Hospital. For his name, turn to page 31

THE PAINTED LADY

Continued from page 13

to see the house on the hill destroyed by fire or thunderbolt. In the meantime, Gran accepted the wash because there was no reason why the righteous should not profit from the wicked.

Jeremy loved the Painted Lady. Every week she gave him a handful of sugared almonds when he collected the wash, and another handful when he delivered it. With her, Jeremy was politely at ease. Between them there was an affinity, as if their personal devils had much in common. In the spring they found the first flowering bulbs together; in the summer, they watched the rainbow made by the sprinkler over the lawns; in the autumn they searched for windfalls, and if there weren't any the Painted Lady shook the apple tree until there were. They talked about Gran, Ruth, and the wash, or about the foreign countries where the Painted Lady had travelled. She seemed lonely, glad to talk, and she asked Jeremy to bring Ruth with him some day.

Innate courtesy stopped Jeremy from saying Gran wouldn't allow this, so he told a lie. He said Ruth couldn't walk as far, and the lie troubled him until he had to tell Gran. For once Gran didn't say: "Tell the truth and shame the Devil." She gave him a half-hearted tap with the wooden spoon and a pinch of currants from the cakes she was baking. Ruth, who badly wanted to meet the Painted Lady, repeated a Sunday-school story about a child missionary who had converted the heathen from their wicked ways, but Gran sharply told her to stick the attendance stamps in her album and leave the heathen to those who had the pennies from the collection boxes on Sunday.

GRAN was very tired these days, and Jeremy had to lift the heavy tubs of washing. For a whole week Gran took to her bed. Some of the customers complained because the wash was late, but the Painted Lady said it didn't matter and gave Jeremy an envelope for Gran.

When Gran opened it, she bit her lip and sat back with her eyes closed, and next week the Painted Lady's washing was packed in the shiny green paper only used for special customers. Gran spent an hour in the parlour, composing a three-line note to the Painted Lady, who smiled when she read it and told Jeremy to be very good to his Gran, who was a wonderful person.

Jeremy explained that he did his best, but the Devil often entered into him. The Painted Lady took his face between cool, white hands and looked down at him for a long, long time. "Don't worry, Jeremy," she said, "because your private devils are only imps until you grow up, and imps can easily be cast out." Jeremy was rather disappointed. He dare not repeat this heresy to Gran, but that night he dreamed of the Painted Lady, the Devil and of hell.

He recognized hell immediately, because of the fiery glow and the heat. Although he felt at home, he was frightened because the Devil was very near, lurking in a smoke screen and making growling, crackling noises. But the Painted Lady was between him and the devil, using the sprinkler from the lawns to keep him cool. This made the fires of hell smell like an autumn bonfire, but it also caused more smoke.

Jeremy woke, coughing. The rosy glow was still there, and in the kitchen below, where Gran's wash was round the fire, something still growled and crackled.

Jeremy got out of bed and opened the door. A belch of smoke choked him, and through it he saw a tongue of yellow flame licking up the banisters. This wasn't hell, he decided. The house was on fire.

He thumped at Gran's door and shouted. She didn't answer, so he went in, groping through the smoke. He shouted again and tugged at Gran's covers, but she didn't stir. He shook Ruth, sleeping in the smaller bed.

Ruth wakened drowsily and wanted to go to sleep again. She wouldn't believe the house was on fire, and even if it was, angels were watching over her. She told Jeremy to go away before he wakened Gran and got into trouble.

Instead, Jeremy pulled down the bed clothes and made her get up. She stood in her flannelette nightie, coughing and shivering. She began to cry. When

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Jeremy pushed her on to the landing, she wouldn't go down because of the flames, so he fetched a blanket from her bed and made it into a tent for her. Then, bundling her like the washing, he managed to lift her in his arms and slowly, pressing against the wall and away from the flames, he edged down. The blanket singed. The leg of his pyjamas caught fire, but in the hall he beat out the flame and took Ruth into the street. He found a stone and threw it up at the next-door window. It would cost him months of pocket money—years, if Gran blamed him for burning his pyjamas as well. Ruth, struggling out of the blanket, cried; "Oh, Jeremy!" in shocked admiration.

After that, Jeremy hardly knew what happened. People seemed to come rushing from everywhere. Men tried to get into the house, but were beaten back by the flames. The fire engine clanged along and everyone cheered when Gran was rescued and carried down a ladder.

The fresh air revived Gran. Huddled in blankets, she watched the house blaze like a torch, and thanked the Lord for saving the children while punishing her wickedness in forgetting the fireguard.

A neighbour took Ruth and Jeremy in. Ruth wept, not wishing to miss this entrancing close-up of the inferno in which she and Jeremy would have perished if Jeremy hadn't snatched them like brands from the burning. When she told her graphic story of how Jeremy had descended into hell with her in his arms, he felt brave and strong and almost forgot the stinging pain in his leg. Later, the doctor told him he deserved a medal, and he hoped they would give him one so that he could show it to the Painted Lady.

But in the morning the excitement of the night had gone. Looking at the blackened husk of the house, Jeremy felt flat and frightened. All he wanted was for Gran, Ruth and himself to be together again in their home. He longed for the smell of the wash, for the sight of clothes billowing on the line—even for the wooden spoon over the copper.

The welfare officer, a gentle, friendly man, had a long talk with Ruth and Jeremy. Gran, he said, was very, very tired. She needed a rest, and while she had it, how would Ruth and Jeremy like to live in a new home with lots of other boys and girls?

Jeremy said he would rather live with Gran. He would work harder, so that she didn't have to do much. Soon, he would be old enough to take on a paper round, and Gran wouldn't have to worry over money. Ruth said the Lord would provide, and added that anyone who tried to take her and Jeremy away from Gran would sink into the fiery pit. Even St. Agnes wouldn't shed a tear for them.

The welfare officer explained that some day, perhaps, Gran would get another little home together, but that they would see her often, anyway.

In the parlour, which was the only room undamaged by the fire, Gran put an arm round both of them and told them it would be for the best. But Jeremy knew this was the first lie Gran had ever told, because her eyes were bright with tears. She kissed him and made him promise to look after Ruth, then she kissed Ruth and held them both tight.

This was how the Painted Lady found them when she called. She was dressed more beautifully than ever, her hair shining like a crown. She came in smiling, and asked Gran if she might talk to her—about the future.

Gran did not know which way to look.

"The fire makes it so very much easier," her visitor went on. "I wouldn't have dared to mention it before, Mrs. Bryant. My house is too large for me to manage. I need a housekeeper who can run it smoothly. The work isn't hard—no washing!" She gave a husky laugh. "And the garden is ideal for children, as Jeremy can tell you."

Gran said nothing, but her mouth began to twitch queerly.

"I couldn't pay very much," the Painted Lady went on, nervously, "but I do really want you—all of you. If you're thinking about the past. . . ."

"I'm not," Gran whispered. "I'm thinking of the future, Mrs. Cobbold, and—and—Jeremy, take your sister out for a walk!"

Soon, the Painted Lady left. She was laughing, and she waved to Jeremy and Ruth. "Your Gran wants you," she called, but when they went in, Gran was in her most forbidding mood. Somewhere she had found a duster, and was bustling round the parlour, muttering to herself and banging the ornaments. She looked less tired—more like the old Gran who used to wield the wooden spoon with vigour. Occasionally she paused to wipe her eyes, blow her nose, and drat the dust. When Ruth eager for news, asked why they were wanted, Gran snapped that children should still be seen but not heard.

Jeremy, ever brave, ventured, "Gran, are we going to live with the Painted Lady?"

Gran's brows knit together. She glanced round, as if missing the wooden spoon.

"We're going to live with a Sainted Lady," she reproved. "You understand, both of you, that other name is never to be mentioned again? You may call her Mrs. Cobbold, and remember her in your prayers as the Sainted Lady, for," Gran spoke more to herself than to them, "saints and sinners are known by their deeds, and maybe we're all a bit of both."

"She's pretty," Ruth announced. "I'd like to live there, even if fire or thunderbolts destroy the house."

Amid the ruins of her own house, Gran sighed. Then, amazingly, she laughed, a thousand tiny wrinkles puckering her face.

Jeremy laughed as well. He felt fine, and brave—and happy. THE END

SUMMER PIE IS OUT NEXT WEEK

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"And to think that we were once so anxious to hear her say her first word"

THE HAPPY HUNTED

Continued from page 12

when we wangled the roll-call held after the sailor's stampede.

Nobody else actually disappeared until the fateful order to move. Then the scramble started. Two groups dropped down into the dungeons of the upper compound. Here two officers, Wally Binns and George Millar, the author and journalist, had a special shelter among the rubble near a tunnel they had been hacking at for over two months. Another party disappeared into the black, dank catacombs, led by Squadron-Leader Bax, a resolute escaper.

Various parties in the lower courtyard had also gone to ground. Colonel David Stirling and "Buck" Palm, who had been recaptured after his escape, went down a lavatory shaft. Another small party of South Africans occupied a tiny shelter under the camp woodpile blatantly out in the yard itself.

Rubber Tube Lifeline

But the prize for ingenuity went to Tom Murdoch and Richard Carr, who exploited a loose slab in the stone stairs leading to the hospital. Jammed into a triangular stone corner, unable to stand or stretch full length, they depended on rubber tubing, manipulated by two medical orderlies, for an intake of liquid refreshment and an equally essential output of liquid evacuants.

The chances of all those concealed depended very much on someone getting clear, best of all the tunnel party. When the Germans found the escape exit they might then assume all the missing officers had used it.

By the time "Tag" and I talked the Oberleutnant into the extra hour's grace, most of the first hour had flown. Hurrying up the ramp and stairs, I arrived, breathless, in my turret room and collected my escape gear.

Then off I hurried across the upper courtyard, to be pushed through the entrance hole leading to the tunnel. "Tag" had preceded me. Someone carefully closed and concealed the hole before joining the outgoing main body, which was already assembling in the courtyard. Promptly at 11 a.m., they formed up. The Oberleutnant had a guard paraded intending to salute me; naturally they became rather peeved when I failed to appear, and their wrath grew apace as the tally showed some sixty officers missing.

In the meantime, I crept down to the tunnel, hoping to find some of the party already gone, or at least sweating blood opening up the exit. Not a bit of it. They were all sitting round, quiet as mice, waiting. The three experts argued that it was better to wait until the first tumult subsided, than to rush the job and probably ruin everything. It was their party and they knew the local form; so we waited.

The hullabaloo started as faint shouts below, then grew to a real uproar as Germans rushed round our quarters. The first quick search degenerated into wholesale looting. Failure to find the missing bodies sent them hysterical with rage; directed by screaming n.c.o.s they began breaking everything wide open.

As we sat quietly waiting we could hear the sentry tramping up and down on the ramparts outside, and the turmoil of the looters growing to a crescendo as they wrecked the adjacent rooms, then dying away again when the search moved back across the courtyard. Despite the temptation to loot, the rampart sentry never left his post, damn him.

Then suddenly we heard a search party approaching. When troops stamped down the steps and tore aside the grille with crowbars, we knew the game was up. Someone yelled "*Hier! Hier!*" and the next minute an angry German thrust his head and shoulders through the opening. A gun in one hand was dangerous enough, but the grenade in the other had the safety pin half out. One grenade in that confined space would be devastating—and messy. "Tag" Pritchard said very calmly in German, "It's O.K., sergeant. The general is here, and we shall come out quietly." That was that.

We emerged into a very stormy atmosphere, to sit rather self-consciously on the courtyard cobblestones while the intensive and angry search proceeded. N.c.o.s rushed about yelling orders; rifles, machine-guns and Lugers seemed much too prominent; men shouted in German into dungeons, "Come out at once," holding Mills grenades, pins loosened, ready to enforce the demand. It was altogether an over-melodramatic stage, set for tragedy. I requested an immediate interview with the Oberleutnant.

Threat Calmed Them

When he stamped up, I said to "Tag," very angrily: "Tell this bastard that any officers who are here are unarmed and doing their duty trying to escape. They're not running away or resisting arrest. Tell him that if his bloody maniacs hurt anyone, we'll hang ten German officers for one dead of ours; and his brother will be first on the list." I don't know what "Tag" said, but the Oberleutnant calmed down and issued orders to go more quietly. His brother had been captured in Tunis.

The next party to appear were three rather grimy, dishevelled figures. As they were pushed in through the courtyard gate we recognized, to our dismay, Ken Fraser and company—the least likely of all. Just sheer bad luck again. The Germans were testing the walled-up postern gate, banging away with picks, when the noise disturbed the bats living inside and two fluttered out of the rock cleft. One of the Jerries fired three rifle shots into the cleft. Except for ricocheting round, the bullets were relatively harmless; but one hit the latrine tin, raising a terrific clatter. "Come out, or I'll throw a grenade in!" roared the n.c.o. There was nothing Ken could do. They came out quietly.

By evening, about half the hidden prisoners had been ferreted out, and

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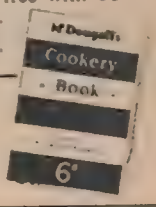

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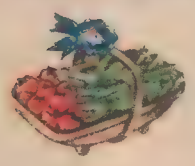

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concentrated in the lower compound for safer custody. Evidently these results were not satisfactory enough, because a tough major with a face like an old lag and the manners of a pig stamped in, had us lined up again, and loudly theatened to blow everything open with dynamite next morning if we refused to produce the missing.

Shortly after daylight, the Oberleutnant tramped in to collect me for immediate dispatch to Novi Barracks. In perfect English he explained that "Higher Command" ordered my trial by military tribunal, if the missing officers were not forthcoming. At the moment, his knowledge of English impressed us more than any potential threat to my person. We had been taken in, well and truly.

My enforced stay in Novi Barracks lasted three days and two nights, definitely under a cloud, awaiting the results of renewed searching—a really thorough manhunt that included the use of dynamite. On the third morning at 10 a.m. a young staff officer walked in, all smiles, and said in English, "You are very fortunate. We have found two more officers than we lost. You are no longer under arrest." An hour later, I returned to Gavi. "Nice to have you back, sir," said Ken Fraser. "They told us you were being shot at dawn when the fellows in the wood-heap were still missing."

"How the devil did they find everyone?" I asked.

"Brought Joe Grapes in with a gang of Italians to do the work," replied Fraser. "He went the rounds breaking into every sealed up dump. Took all day, but it certainly got results, including Buck and David down the drain. Even made someone inspect the tunnel sewer. Anyway, the Jerries were still two short on their count. That's when they mentioned your sad end, sir. We think Joe Grapes was worried about his own skin, if you got shot, so back he came yesterday morning. Walked in, looked round the yard, and spotted the wood-heap. 'Have you looked there?' he asked the Jerry *Feldwebel*. 'No. What a damned silly question!' was the reply. 'Pull it to pieces at once,' screamed Joe, to his gang; and out rolled four—not two. Poor devils, they were so cramped they couldn't stand. The bloody Jerries roared with laughter at being two up in the final."

Ken was facing the camp entrance. "Hello! Look what's here!" he exclaimed. Filing in through the entrance were a grim gang of new German troops. With hard, calloused faces, they looked—and were—efficient, ruthless butchers, who had killed so often that human life meant no more to them than fowls or pigs. Here were our special guards for the onward journey; my first experience of *S.S. Feld-Gendarmerie*.

In due course, they formed up our little column, and for the last time we tramped out through the gloomy fortress entrance on the first leg of an adventurous journey into Germany.

NEXT WEEK: I'm shot while escaping from a train

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 18

regular to be natural and it was of a lighter shade than the rock walls of the cleft.

"Like to have a look through these?" The driver was standing beside me and he was offering me a pair of binoculars. I focused them on the cleft and instantly the lighter-coloured rock resolved itself into a wall of concrete. I was looking at a dam, completed except for the centre section.

"When was that built?" I asked the driver.

"It was begun in the summer of 1939," he replied, "when the Government reckoned they'd need to open up the Larsen mines for the rearmament drive. They stopped work when the United States came into the war. It became cheaper to get our ore from across the border, I guess. Now, of course, with the price of lead at the level it is today——"

"They're going to complete the dam—is that it? That's what this road is for?"

He nodded. "You can just see the cable of the hoist if you look carefully. It runs up to a pylon at the top."

As I searched the cliff face, I gradually made out the slender thread of the cable rising to a concrete pylon on the cliff top and snaking back to a squat housing to the left of the dam and a little above it.

I lowered the glasses, the truth slowly dawning on me. "Where exactly is Campbell's Kingdom?" I asked him.

"Up there." He nodded towards the dam. "Just through the cleft."

"Where's the boundary of the property?"

"I wouldn't know exactly."

I turned as a bulldozer thrust a great pile of blast-shattered rock towards the lip of the road. They'd been so damned sure I'd sell that they'd started the work without even waiting for me to sign the deeds!

I looked round. Creasy, the engineer who was staying at the hotel, was standing a little way up the road. I got the impression he had been watching me. No wonder they'd been worried last night! Sudden, uncontrollable anger boiled up inside me. If they'd given me the details, if they'd explained that there was a dam three-quarters built already. . . . I went over to him. "Who ordered you to build this road?" I demanded.

"That any of your business?"

"This road is being built to bring material up to complete the dam, isn't it?" I asked. "And if the dam is on my property——"

"It isn't on your property."

"Well, where's the Campbell land start?"

"Look, fella, don't bother me. Go and talk to Peter Trevedian about it." He turned his back on me and shouted instructions to his drillers.

I walked back up the road a bit and stood looking up to the cleft in the mountain they called Solomon's Judgment. The sound of the bulldozers eating their way relentlessly towards the Kingdom echoed in my ears. I hadn't expected anything like this. I might just as well have signed the deeds of sale, borrowed on the result and spent a few pleasant, carefree months travelling.

The driver shouted to me that he was leaving and I went slowly back up the road and climbed into the cab beside him. Back in Come Lucky, I dropped off at the office of the Trevedian Transport Company, but found that Peter Trevedian was away at Keithley Creek for the day.

I got back to the hotel just a minute or two before a stranger arrived. He was short and dark, with black hair and a smooth, coppery skin. There was something arresting in the way he threw open the door and stood there, looking round the room. But it was the scar that made me look at him more closely. It ran all across the right side of his face, from the corner of his lip to his ear, half of which was missing.

"Hiya, Mac." He came forward into the bar, a pleasant, cheerful smile on his face that disclosed the even line of very white teeth.

Old Mac got to his feet and shook his hands. "It's grand to see you, Boy." There was real pleasure in the old man's voice. "Jean was only saying the other day it was time you came back for your trucks. How did you make out this winter?"

The other grinned. "Oh, not too bad. Went wildcatting with a bunch of hoodlums up in the Little Smoky country. Have you got a room for me? I guess I'll stay up here now until the hoist's working and I can get my trucks down."

"Aye, there's a room for ye. And ye're just in time for dinner."

"Well, thanks, but I thought I'd go and scrounge a meal off Jean."

"Ye think the lass has been pining for ye, eh?" The old man poked him in the ribs.

"I wouldn't know about that," the other grinned. "But I've been pining for her."

Their laughter followed me as I went through into the kitchen. When Mac came in I asked him who the newcomer was.

"That was Boy Bladen," he said.

"Bladen?"

"Aye. He's the laddie who did the survey up in the Kingdom last summer.

Bladen! "*. . . Bladen was keen, as keen as your grandfather.*" I could hear old Roger Fergus's words still. It seemed that providence had delivered Bladen into my hands for the sole purpose of discovering the truth about that survey.

". . . and he had to abandon all his equipment, leave it up in the Kingdom all winter," old Mac was saying. "You saw that fall they were clearing when you went up the road today?" I nodded. "Well, that happened just before he was due to come down." He shook his head sadly. "That's tough on a boy, all his capital locked up in a place like that."

After dinner, I went up to my room and lay on the bed and smoked and tried to think the thing out.

It was shortly after four that I heard James McClellan shouting for his father. If he was back, then perhaps Trevedian was, too. I got up, put on my coat and went down through the hard-packed snow to the bunkhouse. The door of the transport company's office was ajar and, as I climbed the wooden steps, I heard the sound of voices.

I hesitated, my hand on the knob of the door.

". . . you should have thought of that before you took your trucks up there." The man's tone was easy, almost cheerful. "If I weren't clearing that fall and rebuilding the road you'd never get them out. You do as I say and you'll get your trucks down."

"God damn you, Trevedian!" The door flung open and Bladen came out, pushing past me and walking angrily up the slope towards Come Lucky.

I knocked and went in. The office was small and bare and dusty. An old-fashioned telephone stood on a desk littered with papers and cigarette ash and behind the desk sat a stocky man of about forty-five. The bone of his skull showed through the close-cropped, grizzled hair.

"Mr. Peter Trevedian?" I asked.

He rose to greet me. "You must be Bruce Wetheral." His hand was hard and rough, the smile of welcome rubber-stamped on his leathery features. "Sit down. Young McClellan told me you'd arrived." He produced a silver cigarette case from the pocket of his jacket and held it out to me. "You're Campbell's heir, I understand."

He flicked his lighter for me and his small, black eyes were fastened on my face.

I nodded.

"Well, I think I can guess why you've come to see me." He smiled and sat back in his chair with a grunt. "I'll be quite frank with you, Wetheral. Your refusal to sell the Kingdom has put me in a bit of a spot. As you probably know, through my holding in the Larsen mines, I've got a contract for supplying all materials for the completion of the Solomon's Judgment dam. But the contract is a tricky one. The dam has to be completed this summer. To get all the materials up on one hoist I had to be in a position to begin packing the stuff in the moment the construction people were ready to start work on the dam. To do that I had to have the road cleared ready. I couldn't wait for the okay from Fergus. So I took a chance on it." He leaned back. "Well, now, what are you holding out for—more dough?" The unwinking stare of his little black eyes was disconcerting.

"No," I said. "It's not that."

"What is it then? Mac said something about your planning to live up there."

"My grandfather lived up there," I said. "If he could do it——"

"Campbell didn't live there because he liked it," he cut in sharply. "He lived there because he had to; because he didn't dare live down here among the folk he'd swindled."

"Are you suggesting he was a crook?" I demanded angrily.

He leaned forward and stubbed his cigarette in a big quartz ashtray. "Perhaps you'll understand my attitude better, Wetheral, when I tell you that my father, Luke Trevedian, backed Campbell when he decided to drill up beyond the cleft of Solomon's Judgment. Most of the old-timers were with him in that venture. Well, it failed. The rock was hard, it cost more than they budgeted to get equipment up there. When they found they'd bitten off more than they could chew, Campbell went to England to raise capital. My father put every last penny he possessed into the Rocky Mountains Exploration Company and when he got the news that Morton, the

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director, brought in by your grandfather as financial adviser, had disappeared with all the capital, he got on his horse and rode out into the snow of a winter's night. We never saw him again."

"I'm sorry," I said.

He laughed. "No need to be sorry. It was his own fault for being such a sucker. I'm telling you that so you'll understand why old Campbell lived up in the Kingdom. You don't want to take too much notice of the newspaper stories. That's just tourist stuff and I'll admit he put on a good act for them. But the truth lies here in Come Lucky. This derelict bunch of shacks is his doing. There was a lot of wealth here in this town when the big slide sealed the mine." He lit another cigarette and snapped his lighter shut by closing his fist on it as though he meant to crush it.

There was nothing I could say. He was giving me the other side of the picture and the violence in his voice emphasized that it was the truth he was telling me. It explained so much, but it didn't make my problem any easier.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do? If you sell the Kingdom, then Henry Fergus will go ahead with the hydro-electric scheme and Come Lucky will become a flourishing little town again . . . I'm trying to get Fergus to increase his offer to you."

"It's not the money," I said.

"Well, maybe." He smiled sourly. "But money's a useful commodity all the same. He's coming up to see the progress they're making at Larsen. I suggested he came on up here and had a talk with you. He said he would." His hand dropped to my shoulder. "Think it over very carefully, will you. It means a lot to the people here."

I nodded and got to my feet. "Very well," I said. "I'll think it over."

WHEN I got back to the hotel, it was teatime. There was an extra place laid at the big deal table and just after we'd sat down Bladen came in. Afterwards, I went over to him. "Can I have a word with you?" I said.

He hesitated. "Sure." His voice sounded reluctant. We drew our chairs a little apart from the others. "Well?" he said. "I suppose it's about the Kingdom?" His voice sounded nervous.

"I believe you did some sort of a survey up there last summer?"

He nodded. "A seismographic survey." His voice was very quiet, a gentle, musical sound.

"In your opinion did that survey make it clear that there could be no oil in the Kingdom?"

"I think you'll find the report makes that quite clear."

"I'm not interested in the report. I want your opinion."

His eyes dropped to his hands. "I don't think you quite understand the way this thing works. All I do is get the figures." He got to his feet. "You'd better talk to Winnick in Calgary if you want to query the results. He charted the area."

I caught him as he turned towards the door. "I'm only asking you for your opinion," I said. "I haven't time to go to Calgary again."

"Look, I'm in a hurry. I've already told you——"

"I'm asking you a very simple question," I said. "Do you or do you not agree with the report?"

He seemed to hesitate. "Yes," he said and pushed quickly by me to the door.

I stood there for a moment, staring at the still open doorway, wondering why he had been so reluctant to commit himself. I went back to the stove and sat there for a while, smoking a cigarette and thinking. I was getting more baffled every minute I was in Come Lucky. But there was one other person I still had to see—the English girl, Jean Lucas, who had known my grandfather well.

I looked round the room. The others had gone, but through the door to the scullery I could see Pauline busy at the sink. I went across to her. "Could you tell me whether there's a

"Make sure your mother comes in to say goodbye before she goes. It's one of the few pleasures I have left"

girl called Jean Lucas still living here?" I asked.

"Yes, she's still here," she replied. "She lives with Miss Garret and her sister. I'll tell you how to get there."

* * *

It was about seven thirty when I knocked on the door of the weather-boarded shack where Jean Lucas lived with the Misses Garret.

The door opened and the soft glow of lamplight flooded the small entrance hall. "Yes?" It was a woman, small and dainty as a piece of Dresden china. She wore a long, black velvet dress with a little lace collar and a band of velvet round her neck, from which hung a large cameo. To my astonishment, she quizzed me through a gold lorgnette as I entered the room. "Oh, how nice of you," she said before I uttered a word. "It's Mr. Wetheral, isn't it?"

"You know my name?" I said.

"Of course." She turned to the other occupant of the room. "Sarah, Mr. Wetheral's come to see us." She spoke loudly and her sister darted a rapid, bird-like glance in my direction and looked away again. "My sister's a little deaf. It makes her shy. Now take off your coat, Mr. Wetheral, and tell us all about your legacy."

"Well, actually," I said, "I came here to see Miss Lucas."

"There's plenty of time." She gave me a tight-lipped, primly coquettish smile. "That is one thing about Come Lucky; there is always plenty of time. Right now Jean's in her room; reading, I expect. She reads a great deal, you know. Sarah, Mr. Wetheral has come to see Jean."

The other old lady darted me another quick glance and then got up. "I'll go and fetch her, Ruth."

I GAZED round the room. It was fantastic. I was in a little copy of a Victorian drawing-room. An upright piano stood against the wall, the chairs had cross-stitch seats and the backs of the armchairs were covered with lace antimacassars. There was even an aspidistra.

"Now, Mr. Wetheral, will you sit over there?" She placed me so that she could sit and watch me. "So you are Mr. Campbell's grandson?"

"Yes," I said.

She raised her lorgnette and stared at me. "You don't look very strong, Mr. Wetheral. Have you been ill?"

"I'm convalescing."

"Oh, and your doctors have said the high, mountain air will do you good." She nodded as though agreeing with their verdict. "I'm so glad to hear that you are not allowing this little backwater of ours to become an industrial centre again. It's bad enough to have to put up with the labour gangs on this awful dam."

"I'm surprised my grandfather agreed to the building of a dam," I said.

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Campbell. It was Peter Trevedian. It's on his property, you know. I'm sure Luke wouldn't have done it, not when it meant making a lake of Mr. Campbell's property." She gave a little sigh. "I'm afraid Peter is a much harder man than his father."

Footsteps sounded in the hall and then Jean Lucas entered the room. "Mr. Wetheral?" She held out her hand. "I've been expecting you for some time."

We stared at each other for a long moment. Jean Lucas's manner was direct, her grip firm. She had the assurance of good breeding. In her well-cut tweed suit she brought a breath of the English countryside into the room. I wondered what on earth she was doing buried up here in this godforsaken town.

"You knew I'd come?" I asked.

She nodded slowly. "I knew your war record. I didn't think you'd let him down."

The room seemed suddenly silent. I could hear the ticking of the clock in its glass case. There seemed nobody there but the two of us.

"We'll go into my room, shall we?" she said.

HER room had a log fire blazing on the hearth and bookshelves crowding the walls. It was furnished as a bed-sitting room and though most of the furniture belonged to the house, it had a friendly air. A big brown collie lay like a hearthrug before the fire. He thumped his tail and eyed me without stirring.

"That's Moses," she said. "He belonged to your grandfather. He found him as a pup in the beaver swamps the other side of the lake. Hence the name." She glanced at me quickly and then bent to pat the dog. "What do you think of my two old ladies?"

"Are they relatives of yours?" I asked.

"No."

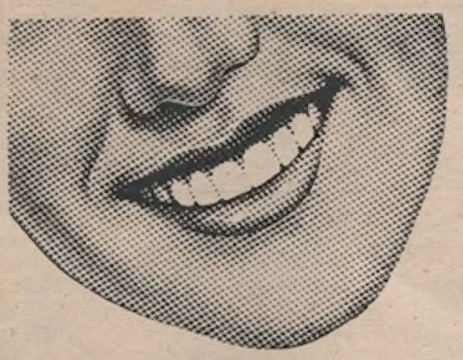
"Then why do you live up here?"

"That's my business." Her voice had suddenly become frozen. But a moment later, when she spoke again, her tone was softer. "I'm sorry. It's just that I know it's odd and I'm sensitive about it. Would you care for a drink? I've got some Scotch here. Only don't tell my two old dears or I'd get thrown out on to the streets. Naturally they don't approve of liquor—at least, Ruth doesn't."

We sat for a while over our drinks without saying anything. At length she looked across at me with a faintly inquiring expression. The firelight was glowing on her face, and I realized with surprise that she looked quite pretty.

"You were very fond of my grandfather, weren't you?" I asked.

She nodded. "Enough to hear his voice again in yours. You've something of his manner, too, though not his build. He was a very powerful man." She suddenly stared directly at me. "Why did you never write to him



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or come out and see him? Were you ashamed of him—because he had been to prison?"

"I—I just didn't think about him," I said. "I only met him once. That was all. When I was ten years old."

"When he'd just come out of prison?"

"Yes."

"And now you've come because you thought there might be oil here?"

The trace of bitterness in her voice brought me to my feet. "Why I came is my own business," I said harshly. "If you want to know, my original plan was to live up there."

"Live there?" She stared at me. "All the year round?"

"Yes."

She hesitated and then got to her feet. "I've some things here that belong to you." She went over to an ottoman and brought out a cardboard box tied with ribbon. "I couldn't bring any more, but these things I know he wanted you to have." She placed the box on a table near me. As she straightened up, she said: "You said you had originally planned to live up in the Kingdom. What's made you change your mind? When you came here you'd already turned down Henry Fergus's offer for the Kingdom."

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"Gossip," she said shortly. "You can't keep anything secret in this place." She turned and faced me squarely. "I suppose the old men have told you that you're under an obligation to make good some of their losses?"

SHE seemed to expect some sort of a reply so I said: "Well, I suppose from their point of view I am being a little unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! Was it Stuart's fault they went oil-crazy and bought up half the mountain peaks around here regardless of the geological possibilities—just because he reported a big oil seep at the head of Thunder Creek." She leaned suddenly forward. "Do you think they helped him when things went wrong? When he was on trial in England for fraud, they swore affidavits that he was a liar and a cheat. And when he came back here, they hounded him up into the Kingdom so that all the last years of his life were spent in solitude and hardship. When Luke Trevedian died, Stuart hadn't a friend in Come Lucky. You owe the people here nothing. Nothing." She paused for breath. The fierceness of her tone had had something personal in it.

I said: "Am I to take it that you believe my grandfather was right?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes. It was impossible to live with him for any length of time and not believe him. He had tremendous faith—in himself and in other people, and in God. I want him to be proved right."

"But what about this survey?" I said. "I understand it proved conclusively that there was no oil in the Kingdom."

"Of course it did. Do you think Henry Fergus would have agreed to postpone his plans for a whole season without ensuring that the results proved what he wanted them to prove? Before you do anything, go and talk to Boy Bladen. He's here in Come Lucky now. Ask him what he thinks of that report."

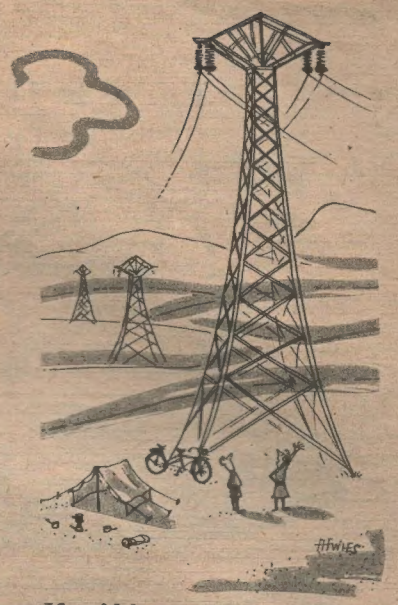
"But——" I stared at her. "I've already spoken to Bladen. He agrees with it."

"He does not." Her eyes were wide. "Ever since he saw the results of the first test he's been as enthusiastic as your grandfather."

"Well, that's what he told me, and scarcely two hours ago."

"I'll talk to him," she said. "He's coming to see me this evening. There's something behind this. I'll send him straight over to see you when he leaves here. Meanwhile, you'd better have a look at the things I brought down for you. It may help you to learn something about your grandfather."

I took the box on my knees, slipped the ribbon off and lifted the lid. Inside, everything had been carefully wrapped in tissue paper. The objects on top



"If we'd known, we could have brought the electric blanket"

were flat. There was a photograph of my mother as a girl of about twenty, and one of my grandmother. There followed several other personal oddments, including a mining diploma, a little musical box with locks of hair in it, a regimental dirk of silver, a small set of ivory chessmen and a notebook containing some Press cuttings.

As I laid them out on the table beside me, I said, "When did he give you these?" I was thinking he must have known he was going to die.

"He didn't give them to me. I brought them down myself. I knew what he wanted you to have. I suppose I should have sent them on to you, but I didn't know your address and somehow I was convinced you'd come here yourself."

"You went up after his death?" I asked.

"Yes."

"By the hoist?"

"No, the hoist wasn't working then. There's an old Indian trail. It's only a day's journey each way. I just wanted to be sure that everything was all right. . . . I'm afraid I could only bring some of the lighter things. But you'll find a lot of rock specimens at the bottom. He was very anxious you should have those. They were evidence in support of his case."

I remembered that the old man had said in his letter to me that there would be papers in his Bible. I found the Bible and riffled through the pages. A single sheet of notepaper fell out. I read it.

Dear Bruce,

When you read this the Kingdom will be yours. I shall not last the winter. And I have no longer the energy or the will to fight for my beliefs.

This day I have received the results of Bladen's survey. The chart shows a quite unbelievable jumble of rock strata below the surface. I have it before me as I write, together with the consultant's report. . . .

I STARED at the paragraph and read it through again. Then I looked across at Jean.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I thought he died without knowing the results of that survey?" I said.

She nodded: "Yes. I was so glad. If he had known——"

"He did know," I said.

"But that's impossible. Johnnie Carstairs was the last person up there—except for me."

"Well, listen to this," I said. "'This day I have received the results of Bladen's survey.'"

"But. . . ." She was staring at me, her eyes wide. "When was it written?"

"It was written on November 20," I said. "Johnnie Carstairs found him on the twenty-second." I passed her the sheet of paper.

She stared at it unbelievingly. "'It

is clear, therefore' "—her voice trembled as she read—" 'that in the upheaval which raised these mountains such disturbance of the rack strata occurred as to make the possibility of oil traps, either stratigraphical or in the form of anticlines, quite out of the question.' "

Her voice died away and she stared at the paper which trembled violently in her hands. "Oh, my God!" she breathed. Her hands clenched suddenly. "How could they be so cruel?" She turned on me, her face suddenly older and stronger in the violence of her feeling. "What an incredible, beastly way to kill a man—to kill him through his hopes. If they'd stuck a knife into him——" She turned away, struggling to get control of herself. "Here." She thrust the letter out to me. "Read the rest of it, will you? I can't."

I took the crumpled sheet and spread it out.

. . . so finally I have to face the fact that I can do no more. You may regard this as the obstinacy of a cranky old man set in his beliefs. I only ask you to remember that I have been studying rock strata all my life and I absolutely refuse to believe that the very broken nature of the strata below the Kingdom as shown by this survey can be correct. You have only to look at the fault at the head of Thunder Creek to know this to be true. Further, though I cannot vouch for there being oil, I do know there was oil here in 1911 when the big slide occurred. The trap that held that oil must have shown on the chart if this survey were accurate. I fear there are things moving that I do not understand living alone here in my kingdom.

My final and urgent request to you is that you somehow find the money to test my beliefs by drilling, which is the only sure method. Do this before they complete the dam and drown the Kingdom for ever.

I pray God you will accept the mantle of my beliefs and wear it to the damnation of my enemies. God keep you, and if I am wrong, know that I shall be suffering the torments of the damned, for I shall have wasted half of the life God gave me.

Affectionately and with great hopes of you,

Stuart Campbell.

My hands dropped to my knees. I sat staring at the fire, seeing in my mind the old man writing that last pitiful plea, knowing there were people down in the valley who hated him enough to climb through a snowstorm to give him the bad news before winter closed in on him. "I'd like to get my hands on the man that took that report up to him." My voice grated harshly on the silence of the room. "Who hated him that much?"

"Oh, George Riley, the Trevedians, the McClellans, Daniel Smith, the Hutterite, Ed Schieffer—everybody who'd lost money." She turned to me suddenly. "You've got to prove him right. He had such faith in you."

I leaned back and stared at the fire. That was all very well, but it meant drilling. It meant time and money, and I hadn't much of either. "I'll see what Bladen has to say."

She nodded and then rose slowly to her feet. "You must go now. He'll be here shortly and I don't want him to meet you before I've talked to him. Besides—" She hesitated. "He's half Indian and has fits of moodiness that I don't think you'd understand, and I want you to like him."

I left then, and a few minutes later I was walking through the dark, dismal street. But my heart was not in the slush and the complicated relationships of Come Lucky. It was up above; up with a lonely, disillusioned old man in his eyrie; in my mountain legacy, Campbell's Kingdom.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Lord Inman when a child. The text is from his autobiography, "No Going Back" (Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d.).

HE'S OFF to SWITZERLAND—JOIN HIM!

In this coach are JOHN BULL visitors to Switzerland, enjoying an all-day coach tour of famous Alpine passes; join this year's party and enjoy the thrill of lunching in luxury beside the Rhône Glacier!

FIRST JOHN BULL reader to win £500 plus Swiss Holiday for two in *Bullets* this year is Mr. G. Huntley (102 Longley Road, Tooting, S.W.17). Although his work as an entertainer keeps him busy, he has made time somehow to enter for *Bullets* every week. But none of his other prizes has brought such a grand celebration as his coming trip to the Alps with his wife.

When Mr. and Mrs. Huntley fly to Switzerland in August, you and your holiday companion can be with them in JOHN BULL'S party. Make that coupon below the ticket for a 10-day holiday trip to the wonders of Switzerland, plus £500 cash!

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Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Behind Britain
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Delay Is Dangerous, So
For Every Man
At Helsinki
To Get On
Purchase Tax
The Wrath To Come
No Fun
Flowers From The Garden
On Television
Lean And Hungry
Quite Understandable
Carnival Queen
Ring On Her Finger
Up Again
In Holiday Mood
King Sol
Whatever They Say
If Wisdom Were Wealth

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Helps Us To .....
Not A ..... To Be Seen
The Doctor ..... And
A Living .....
Her Name Was ....., But
With A ..... On The Top

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,838 (or Xword 790) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 5, and in JOHN BULL dated July 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,833

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Riviera Holiday for Two: Mrs. P. Payne, 17 North Avenue West, Worthing:

The Great Divide Where Everything "Adds Up"?

£50: R. Gibson, 208 Tennyson Road, Stoke, Coventry: THE GREAT HOUSE—OF WINDSOR—STATELY, HOMELY.

£25: M. S. Wilson, 4 Frederick Gardens, Penshaw, Houghton-le-Spring: IN A SHIP LIKE OURS—"DRIFT FROM LAND," PERILOUS.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: J. Smith, 16 Lennox Road, Lennoxtown, Glasgow: IN DARKEST AFRICA—INTOLERANCE, WHITE MAN'S *Gravedigger*? £9: F. Knighton, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston: WELL AND TRULY BROKEN—RECORDS—YET COMET *Dawdled*! £8: Miss M. Bertram, 22 Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow: THE LAST WALTZ—TWO DITHERING PEDESTRIANS HAVING? £7: H. Connor, 65 Victoria Road, Platt Bridge, Wigan: BRANDISHING THE SWORD—MAN ADVANCES ON—*Universe*! £6: J. W. Pring, "Old Haigh School," Haigh, Wigan: HAMMERING AWAY—AT JOE'S PINNACLE, "TICK-TOCK—," £5: Mrs. H. Goulding, 370 Warley Road East, Blackpool: MOTORIST v. PEDESTRIAN — TILL THERE'S TRANSPORT STRIKE! £5: A. W. Sworn, 10 Gladstone Street, Winchester: HORRIFYING—STORY—*Martians* PIECING TOGETHER?

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

NEW SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 790**

1. These may sting poor boxer into making reprisals
3. Some people are frightened by a loud one
5. Young actor isn't likely to be attracted by such a part
6. Things are brighter and more gay when we get into
9. The opinions of old folk are indeed very difficult to
10. Fielders will be in this if batting side is timid one
12. Luck has very little to do with the making of a good
13. Housewife shouldn't find meat difficult to

Down Clues

1. At local elections, a public meeting isn't often this
2. One sometimes dominates a scene
4. Accidents can cause alterations to certain these
7. You may not be able to sleep at night if you've had too many of these before retiring
8. May show admiration—and in a most open manner
9. One purpose of these can be to keep a man warm
11. A little girl may prefer not to share particular one with any other little girl

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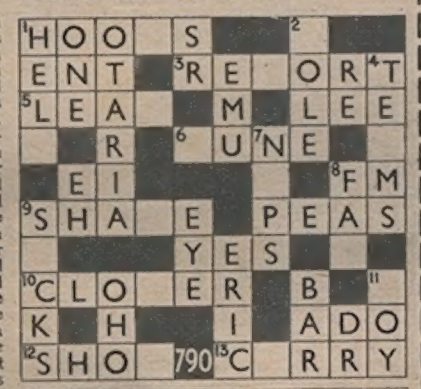
In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 28.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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Strawberries
1 packet Bird's Lemon Jelly-de-Luxe

Make up custard following directions on tin, using 1 level tablespoon of sugar. Make up jelly using only *half-pint* of water. When both are quite cold but not set, stir the jelly gradually into the smooth, creamy custard and leave until it is almost set. Then whisk well. Leave until quite set and whisk once more. Leave again until firm. Pile into glasses, wreathe with strawberries and mint leaves, and serve proudly.

Strawberry Fiesta Sundae

1 pint extra-thick Bird's Custard
A few or many Strawberries

Put some cool, extra-thick Bird's Custard into 4 sundae glasses and leave to set. Arrange strawberries over it. Top with another layer of extra-thick custard and decorate with as many strawberries as you have. Then taste it . . . mm! only *Bird's* Custard could make it *that* good.

Even strawberries are better with Bird's Custard!